WEEK ENDING JAN. 31 1925

5c

# Liberty

*A Weekly for Everybody*

*In this Issue:*

**TIPS ON MAKING THE SOCIAL GRADE** *By Walter Davenport*

# When hair is beautiful - BEWARE - *say Nature's 3 warning signals*

EVEN the most beautiful hair may be doomed to destruction. Beneath the beauty of today—the scalp warns you of baldness tomorrow. Hair experts say that a perfectly healthy scalp is hard to find. No head is safe—but most scalp troubles can be avoided *—if you start soon enough.*

Fortunately, Nature has provided *3 warning signals* to tell you that your scalp needs care.

1. If your scalp is too oily—*beware!*
2. If your scalp is very dry—*beware!*
3. If you find dandruff—*beware!*

Once you discover which of these conditions threatens *your* hair—you can adopt one of the three treatments, shown below, to keep the scalp healthy and the hair beautiful.

Wildroot Hair Tonic plays a large part in such methods. Used alone, its chief purpose is to clean and condition the scalp—to make the hair lustrous—and to remove dandruff. Put a bottle on the bathroom shelf, where you can use it frequently.

Two special combinations of Wildroot products are suited to combat the dangerous conditions of *excessive oil*—and *over-dryness*.

Read the simple rules below. All druggists carry Wildroot preparations.

WILDROOT CO., INC., BUFFALO, N. Y.

### *Have you found dandruff?*

Two or three times a week (in severe cases, every day), apply *Wildroot Hair Tonic* to the scalp. This should be done in the most thorough manner, parting the hair so as to reach every spot on the scalp—and massaging gently with the fingers. Finish by dressing the hair with the tonic, one strand at a time.

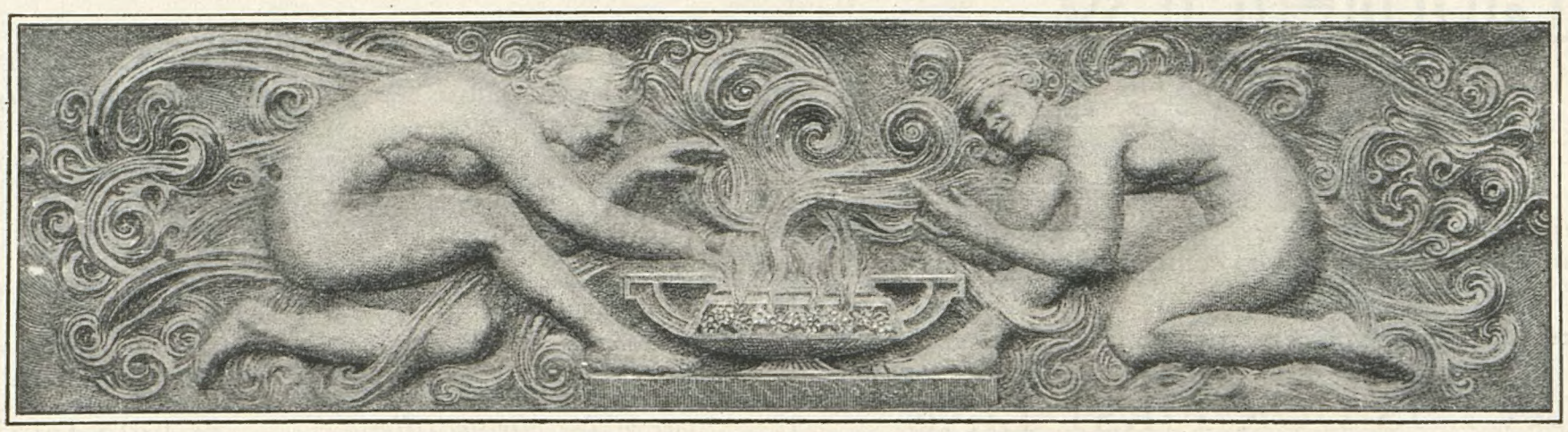
### *Is your scalp oily?*

Shampoo the hair once each week, using the following treatment: Rub a tablespoonful of *Wildroot Taroleum* into the scalp with your finger tips. Apply warm water, and let the snowy, antiseptic lather absorb the oily dirt. Rinse thoroughly, and follow with cold water. When dry, massage the scalp with *Wildroot Quinine Hair Dress.*

### *Is your scalp dry?*

Once every other week, give yourself this treatment: Remove dandruff from scalp, by applying *Wildroot Hair Tonic.* Then gently massage a tablespoonful of *Wildroot Taroleum* into the scalp. Cover your head with a hot towel for five minutes. With more *Taroleum* and warm water, shampoo the hair. Rinse well, and follow with cold water.

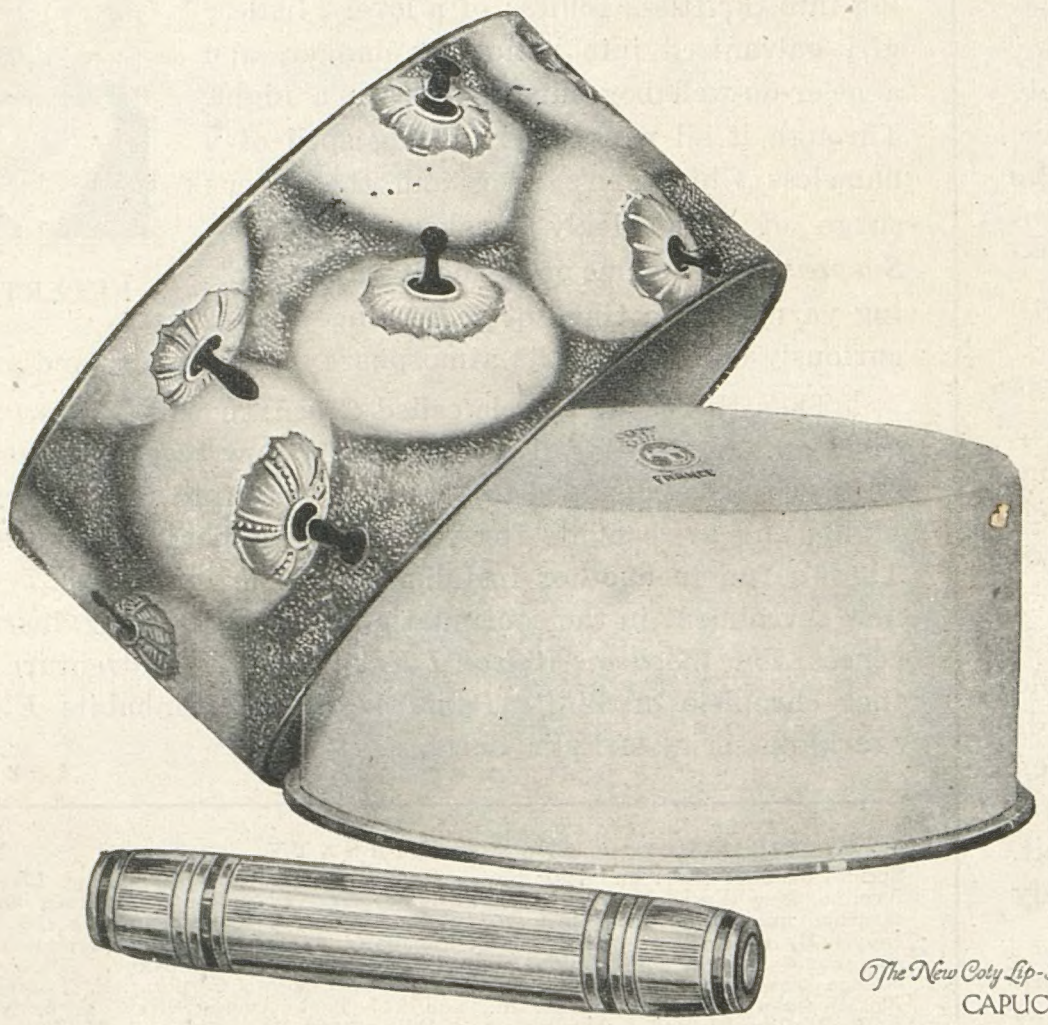
# WILDROOT
## HAIR TONIC



LES POUDRES DE COTY

*Delicate freshness, clinging fragrance and the arresting distinction of individuality — for these enchanting charms with which they idealize lovely faces,* COTY Face Powders *are incomparably favoured throughout the world.—*

IN NINE TRUE SHADES AND-
ALL THE COTY PERFUME ODEURS



*The New Coty Lip-Stick*
CAPUCINE - LUMINEUX - ROSE PALE - CERISE - INVISIBLE

Address "Dept. L. M. I."
'PERSONAL SERVICE BUREAU'
*For guidance in choosing the correct* Face Powder *shade and expressive perfume odeur to intensify individuality*

COTY INC.
*714 Fifth Avenue, New York*

JAN. 31, 1925

# Liberty

*A Weekly for Everybody*

VOL. 1 NO. 39

EDITORIAL OFFICES:
Chicago: Tribune Square. Central 0100
New York: 247 Park Ave. Vanderbilt 7489

ADVERTISING OFFICES:
Chicago: 7 S. Dearborn St. Central 0100
New York: 247 Park Ave. Vanderbilt 7489

*"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."*
*—Stephen Decatur.*

## THE NAVY IS OUR FIRST LINE

Pacifists and politicians who see no profit in appropriations for the army or navy are fond of the saying: "The Atlantic and Pacific oceans are the two best defenders of the United States."

It is not a wise saying, but, especially in our time, a foolish one. Even when the Atlantic Ocean was four times wider than it is now at the lowest estimate, measured in time, effort, and danger of crossing, it did not prevent the invasion of our shores. Of course it is better to have the Atlantic or the Pacific between us and an enemy than an invisible line or even a great river. But when we think of the ocean as a barrier to attack we would better realize that they are avenues of invasion. The oceans are thoroughfares on which hostile forces may be moved more cheaply, secretly, and swiftly than on land.

The Atlantic and Pacific oceans lie between us and all serious foes. We cannot be attacked until our enemy has crossed one or the other of them. But they can be crossed swiftly and by great forces.

That is why the navy is our first line of defense and, considering our conditions, the most important line. For our potential strength, the strength of fighting men and equipment, though it is great, is never ready. Therefore the navy must always be ready. It is the navy which must bar the great avenues of invasion while our strength for battle is preparing in the mobilization centers and training camps and the many activities of industry are being directed to the gigantic task of war supply.

A nation possessing a great standing army with another great body of trained or partly trained civilians as a reserve does not find a navy essential to defense. But it is the American policy to have the smallest possible standing army and only a moderately sized body of partly trained civilian soldiers. Furthermore, we do not pile up huge supplies of arms and munitions. In the recent war our army at the front was equipped with guns and cannon and munitions amassed by our associates chiefly for use by the Russian armies. And as for our troops it was a year before a very few divisions were ready to go into battle.

If we stop to think of how long it took us after war was declared in 1917 to prepare to exercise our power, or rather a small part of it, we shall understand how vital to our safety is the condition of our first line of defense, our navy, the barrier which must hold back the invader on the wide open thoroughfares of the sea.

That line must be ever strong, ever ready. It cannot wait for supplies or repairs or any essential. There is nothing to hold back the enemy while the navy prepares to fight, as the navy holds back the enemy while the army and the nation prepare. When an enemy determines on war it will strike with as little warning as possible. We shall not be given notice as if it were a lawsuit. And between us and that stroke there must be the navy, ready with all its strength.

A fire department which is not always ready is worse than none. So is a navy. No policy of retrenchment should ever weaken the ability of the navy to fight on the instant with all its strength.

## IN THIS ISSUE

Page

Tips on Making the Social Grade. *Concerning some odd ways and means of being a butterfly*.....By WALTER DAVENPORT 5

Are You Standing Still at Forty? *An article on men who have kept ahead, and how they did it*.....By PAUL L. KINKEAD 9

The Wild, Wild Child. *A lively love story of a girl who craved excitement—and found it*.....By STEUART M. EMERY 13

Crowded Days in Bermuda. *Seventh installment of the series, The Woodrow Wilson I Knew*.....By MARY ALLEN HULBERT 20

The Jail Breaker. *What a famous detective knows about some picturesque modern outlaws*.....By GEORGE S. DOUGHERTY 24

Mad Anthony: The Flight from Eden. *Fifth short story of a delightful series*.....By CLIFFORD RAYMOND 28

Trub's Diary. *Eleventh chapter, in which the lovable pup narrates the adventure of The Minister's Hat*.....By JOHN TAINTOR FOOTE 33

The Truth About Beauty Surgery. *Second of a series of amazing confessions*.....By AN EX-PLASTIC SURGEON 35

Marry Me for Five Years. *A speculation on short-term weddings*.....By W. L. GEORGE 38

Life at Its Hardest Stalks Through This Week's Films. *A triple motion picture review*.....By ALVA TAYLOR 40

White Pants Willie. *Fourth installment of a serial of love and exciting adventure*.....By ELMER DAVIS 42

Economy and Pleasure in Making One's Clothes. *Patterns*..By PATRICIA 48

Many Women Wear "Them" Instead of "It." *Fashions*.....By CORINNE LOWE 49

$500 a Week for Limericks. *The winners and another chance*..... 51

Liberty's Cross-Word Puzzle No. 13..... 52

Dress Right to Work Right. *An article on clothes and health*.....By JAMES W. BARTON, M. D. 53

Frozen Fish. *Household hints*.....By ETHEL M. SOMERS 54

*Cover Design by J. F. Kernan*

## IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

### *"Reds," Riots, and Romance*

U. & U.
RUPERT HUGHES

RUPERT HUGHES has written a thrilling short story for next week's Liberty. In strangely vivid fashion, he tells the tale of a famous steel man whose flaming mills made the moon ridiculous; of workmen drifting into thriftless follies; of a lovely, listless girl galvanized into action by danger, and a ne'er-do-well boy turned hero in a night. Through it all runs the haunting spell of a nameless Chinaman's song and the joyous surge of a suddenly awakened romance. *Suspense* is the name of it, and it's a captivating yarn, with a tinge of something wistful curiously blended into its atmosphere of excitement and grim reality.

Then there's an article called *Crash*, in which *Westbrook Pegler* gives an amusing and lively account of how two ingenious gentlemen of leisure have managed to beat their way into all the important first nights and prize fights for years without paying a cent for tickets. There's fun in another installment of the inimitable *Trub's Diary*, new revealment in the continuation of *Mary Allen Hulbert's* reminiscences, *The Woodrow Wilson I Knew*, and fleet adventure in the further chronicle of *White Pants Willie*, who inhabits *Elmer Davis'* sparkling serial of Palm Beach.

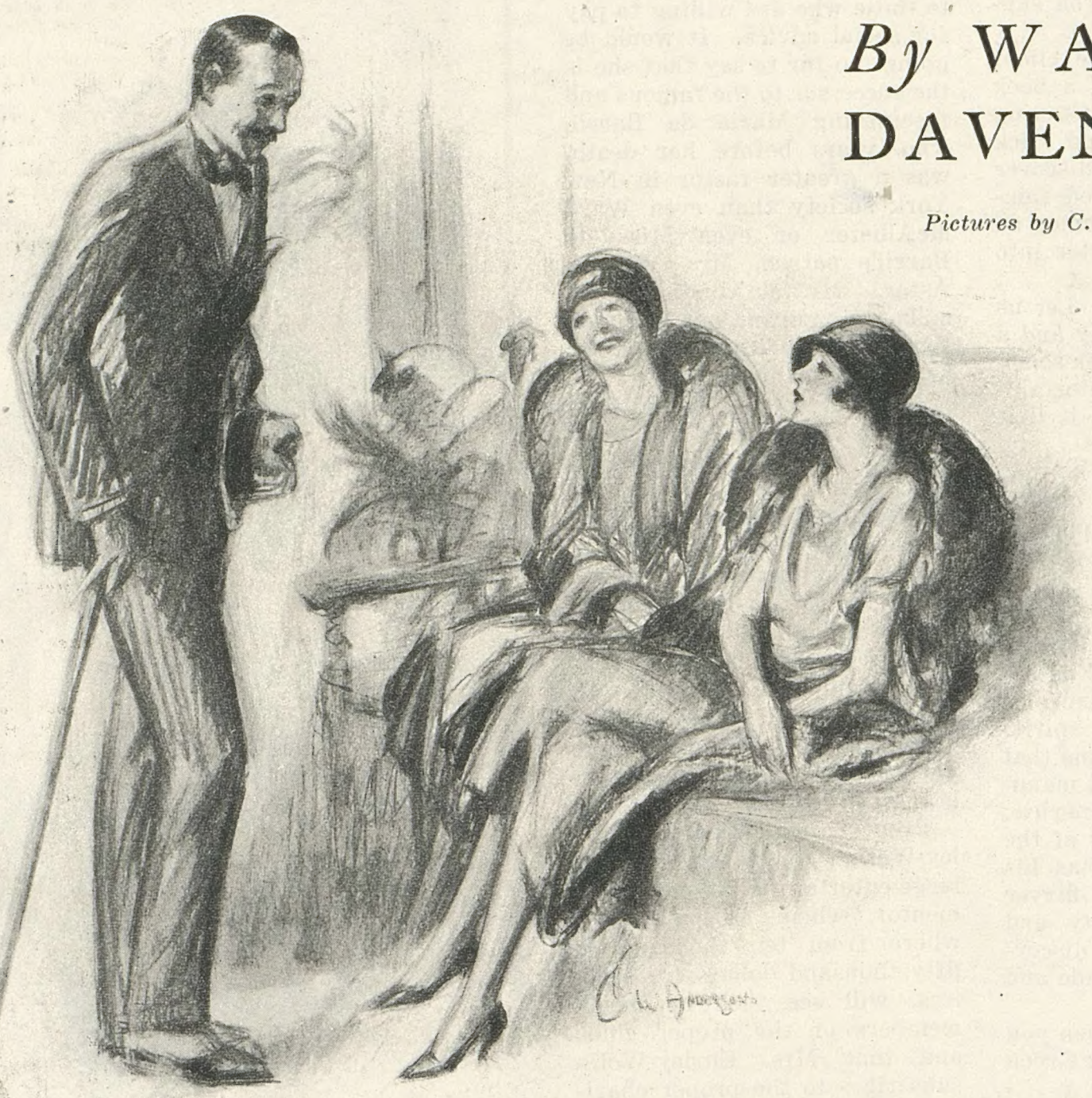
January 31, 1925 LIBERTY Vol. 1, No. 39

Special articles, short and long fiction stories desired. Address Editor, Liberty, 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. No manuscripts received unless typewritten and prepaid, nor returned unless postage is inclosed. All manuscripts sent at owner's risk. Five cents a copy. By mail, $2 a year in U. S., Canada, and Mexico. No subscriptions for less than one year. Address subscriptions, Liberty, Tribune Square, Chicago. Allow four weeks for change of address. Published weekly by The Coloroto Corporation, Tribune Square, 431 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill., and 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y., U. S. A. R. R. McCormick and J. M. Patterson, Editors and Publishers. J. M. Patterson, President and Secretary; R. R. McCormick, First Vice President and Treasurer; S. E. Thomason, Second Vice President; John N. Wheeler, Executive Editor. Entered as second class matter April 30, 1924, at Post Office, Chicago, Ill., under Act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1925, by The Coloroto Corporation in United States and Great Britain. All rights reserved.

# TIPS *on* Making *the* Social Grade

## *By* WALTER DAVENPORT

*Pictures by C. W. ANDERSON*



*Our client will soon discover that there is always somebody of good family, fierce thirst, and keen sense of humor willing and ready to enter into conversation, if nothing else.*

## *A Diverting Exposition of Some Hidden Workings and Secret Devices Involved in the Grave Business of Being Gay*

LAUNCHING your charming daughter into society is not such a difficult matter. Much depends upon the character of the society into which you elect to launch her. The point is: will she float?

If, for example, you are not in the Social Register, it might be just as well that you do not aim to hand her to that select group which has sprung, with a few additions and exceptions, from Mr. Ward McAllister's resplendent One Hundred and Fifty. The chances are that they'll refuse to accept her, or, if in a vague moment they do, they will probably hand her back to you the worse for frostbites.

Or perhaps you will choose to perch her on the next lower rung of the well-known social ladder. This, you'll learn, is a precarious business, inasmuch as she will, having nice homing instincts, return to you of her own accord, slightly rumpled and prepared to spend her remaining days wondering whether she had a good time or not.

It may be that you have an indecent amount of money but no social distinction. Rich but not regal. Wealthy but not welcome. Perhaps to this desirable asset your daughter can add cleverness. In this case she will probably launch herself into a "younger smart set," which sounds like triumph but occasionally is somewhat dubious.

But you should have no trouble getting your daughter started. There are, in New York, at least a dozen agencies through which you can insert her into some sort of society. It will cost you money—lots of it—and it is always possible to return your purchases. The only difference is that it is you and your daughter who are the worse for wear and *not* the returned goods.

THIS is not an indictment of modern society; quite the contrary. Good society is not to be sneezed at. In fact, good society is so difficult of approach and attainment that only a very few may sneeze in its vicinity.

What this article purports to do is to show you what a complicated thing it is to attain social position without looking foolish and having folks laugh at you.

You may, provided your sense of humor is toothless, try the latest gate to social preferment by hiring an ex-Grand Duke or Duchess to act as interference and carry you, so to speak, through the lamentably broken field to the goal. Erstwhile members of Europe's ruling families—Romanoffs, Hapsburgs, and even remote Hohenzollerns—are invading our shores seeking encouragement, financial and otherwise, for their desire to be returned to their pre-war thrones.

Thus in the shadow of the elegant but former Grand Duchess Cyril, whose husband has graciously but thus far without marked success offered himself to the Russian people as their Czar, the Monday Opera Club in New York City recently assaulted the remnants of the old McAllister breastworks, hoping to set up a new social oligarchy which might, had it been taken seriously, have rendered the current Social Register as archaic as the Elsie books. Anyway it was a successful, if expensive, method of getting one's name in the society columns.

Every year the covers of the Social Register set are becoming looser. There is nobody like Ward McAllister today. Why, were Mr. McAllister the social Pooh Bah the air that fills the upper East Side of New York City today would be black with the remains of prominent citizens being hurled out of the Social Register set. Were he and his cronies to take a hand in a Four Hundred affair tonight the evening for them would be one of alternate swooning and hysterical tears.

IT WILL be easier next year to crash the portals of the inner circle than it is this, and the gaps in the hedge will widen as the years go by until presently we shall find ourselves addressing Mrs. Van Hoopla as Bessie and making dates with the Cholmondeley twins.

But the time is not yet when you can, by giving a party at the Ritz or stuffing Park and Fifth Avenues with *filet de bœuf aux truffes et champignons* at Pierre's, get the private tele-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIVE]

phone numbers of the Astor, the Iselin, and the Fish families.

"What, in your opinion, is the least fussy way to wriggle into New York society?" I asked one of the society column editors. "Suppose a rank outsider wanted to give the social circles an extra whirl. What would you suggest?"

"Well," he replied, "providing the client had a good tough hide, the brass of a book agent, and snub-proof ears, I'd suggest taking a suite at society's favorite hotel and stick around a while. Our client will soon discover that there is always somebody of good family, fierce thirst, and keen sense of humor on the premises, willing and ready to enter into conversation, if nothing else.

"Mind you, it's an expensive way. Let us say that our client has plenty of money and a willingness to spend it. He or she meets somebody who, enthused over the sort of entertainment the yearner can provide, sees to it that the latter receives invitations to parties.

"You can imagine what follows. Of course, our client doesn't get into the inner circles, but there is no telling what may happen if such cards as she is dealt are properly played. But it's expensive."

IT is easier to launch daughter than it is to launch yourself. Let us say that Mr. Eustace Curley-Wolfe has been for years an honorable and industrious manufacturer of sweet spirits of nitre. We may go further and assume that Mr. Curley-Wolfe is the most important manufacturer of such sweet spirits in all America; that he turns out two thousand barrels of the delectable stuff a week and that he has his plant down to the nice efficiency of a flivver factory. He has made between forty and forty-one million dollars out of it, and, discovering this, he decides to retire from trade and take a whirl at the social game.

"My dear," he says to his wife, "when you have finished the dishes, come into the Green Music Room. I'd like to talk to you."

And then he tells her he has made up his mind that society is decadent for one, and only one, reason, to wit: it lacks the Curley-Wolfes.

Now, it may be that the Eustace Curley-Wolfes are educated up to the plunge. They know, for example, what is wrong with every picture. They have neither halitosis, pyorrhea, inferiority complexes, nor fallen arches. Physically each is fit as a Finn, and financially they are prepared to buy at least one railroad for every family in the Social Register. They are, in fact, all prepared to give society a new and refined act.

Alas! In the old days of railroading, before locomotives were equipped with shock absorbers, rails evenly jointed, and roadbeds leveled, engineers were wont to be forced into retirement by Bright's disease. Science discovered that it was the incessant jarring and bumping and jouncing that put the engineers' kidneys out of whack.

Mr. and Mrs. Curley-Wolfe may, in time, come within putting distance, but they are quite likely to arrive at the dizzy social eminence with record-breaking cases of internal disintegration which will leave them wrecked from the waistline up.

I have no personal experience behind my words. My insanity, well defined as it may be, runs in other directions — leads to somewhat different disasters. Of what I am writing I have knowledge gained in the offices of the editors of society pages, from others named in the Social Register who refuse to take themselves seriously, and, more frankly, comprehensively, and businesslike, from Miss Beth Evans, who makes a business of being a social secretary.

Miss Evans is professional guide, philosopher, and friend to those who are willing to pay for social advice. It would be going too far to say that she is the successor to the famous and fascinating Maria de Barril, who, years before her death, was a greater factor in New York society than even Ward McAllister or even Miss de Barril's patron, Mrs. William Astor. Mr. McAllister might make the aspirant, but Maria de Barril could, with a nod of her head, forever break him.

It would not do for the Curley-Wolfes to apply to Miss Evans, whose business is conducting the commercial end of society functions and not piloting newcomers into the charmed circle. But there are others to whom the Curley-Wolfes might go for guidance. Mr. Curley-Wolfe is advised it is necessary that he plunge financially; that he have himself elected to the directorate of as many large banking and industrial corporations as possible.

Properly instructed, Mr. Curley-Wolfe will not go in for large entertaining at once. His mentor, whom he pays anywhere from ten thousand to fifty thousand dollars for services, will see that he meets members of the proper clubs and that Mrs. Curley-Wolfe subscribes to the proper charities.

ONCE introduced, much depends upon the Curley-Wolfes themselves. If Mr. Curley-Wolfe is a good gambler and a willing loser, paying his debts promptly and graciously, he is apt to go far. If Mrs. Curley-Wolfe is clever enough to keep her tongue still and is quick at character judging, thus avoiding annoying the grand dames whose smiles she covets, she, too, has a good chance.

Of course, they must never lose sight of the fact that their names in the Social Register will do them more good than anything else. But, too, they must not forget that there are families in New York which have tried for generations to get into that book only to fail at the last moment. But of that, more later.

Even if they fail to achieve the Social Register, the Curley-Wolfes may progress to that stage where such counselors as Miss Evans will take charge of their affairs, but they must remember that her business health depends upon confining her efforts to the right sort of people. In other words, she must never so mingle her clients that the social folks become alarmed nor the climbers disgusted.

Therefore Miss Evans is quite likely to refuse to serve you—courteously, of course, but firmly. Hers is a business as thoroughly standardized as the doctor's or the plumber's.

For example, Mrs. Hathaway Wither, whose financial and social ratings are high, commissions Miss Evans to arrange for the social début of Miss Deborah Wither, who, having arrived at the proper age, is about to undergo the mysterious rite of being "introduced to society." The function which is to feature this tremendous event in Miss Deborah's life is to be a dinner-dance.

MISS EVANS assumes the business management of the affair. She engages the ballroom; the affair is to be held in a hotel. She asks for and receives the list of guests desired by Mrs. Wither. She knows that Mrs. Wither's list will be but one of several she will receive. Mr. Wither will have one. Mrs. Wither's mother will have one. Mr. Wither's mother will have one. Deborah herself will have one. Bud, her brother, will have a lengthy list of boys he wants there.

In short, it is not improbable that Miss Evans will receive eight or ten lists. She understands that to omit any of the names on this list is likely to generate the wrath of him or her who compiled it. She compares the lists and strikes out twicetold names.

Then she scans the rosters and checks off

*TIMES have changed. Today it is necessary to invite four dancing men for every girl.*

those persons who she knows will not be welcome to Mrs. Wither. Delicate work!

Bud Wither is quite likely to invite a boy who lacks several degrees of that respectability required by his mother. Also, he is just as likely to invite the King of the Gas House Demons, and it is up to Miss Evans to see to it that the Gas House Demon King isn't invited to Deborah's affair, excellent lad though he may be.

There is a possibility that the sum total of all those mentioned by the various members of the family will be several hundred more than could be comfortably crowded into Madison Square Garden.

There must be a brisk pruning of the combined lists, and it may not be done ruthlessly.

There must be a certain number of eligible bachelors, the right number of dancing men, and a corresponding quota of desirable dance partners of the female persuasion. There must be no social duds present, as this is to be Miss Deborah's one great night.

IN Miss Evans' offices are files wherein every person listed in the Social Register is listed—sex, age, address, social possibilities, and so on. Every one of them is of sufficient years to be abroad of nights and eligible to accept invitations to sophisticated parties; is classified as to social status—married or not married, eligible and how eligible, fond of dancing or not, intelligent bridge partner or just a bridge player, indoor or outdoor sport lover.

If, for example, you are giving a hunting party, Miss Evans will see to it that your guests are fond of shooting at things. If you intend dancing, she will arrange to have dancers there.

Incidentally, the dance requires much inviting. In the days of yore, when one gave a dance for one hundred, fifty girls and fifty men were invited. That made one dance partner for each man and each girl. Of course, there was a reserve list in case of last minute cancellations — men and women who could be dragged in at any moment's notice—that there be no undanced-with males or females.

But times have changed. Today it is necessary to invite four dancing men for every girl. Why? Because men rebelled. Under the old régime, Algernon De Hopper was too often paired off with Genevieve Hefty, a nice girl, but fat. One dance with Genevieve was a day's heavy hauling; a whole night of her was penal servitude. So the men rebelled.

Social secretaries discovered that dancing young men, when invited to Mrs. Fernley Lamb's party, were wont to demand particulars. With whom were they to be saddled for the evening? Genevieve Hefty? Not on your well regulated life! Genevieve was a lovely girl, but she's no bargain at a dance. Call up again when you have a better offer.

But Genevieve could not be omitted from the dances because she was ponderous afoot. She is no end society and rich. Moreover, the parties she and her parents give are not to be refused. What happened? The social secretaries invited twice as many men as girls, so that Algernon De Hopper might not be walked upon by Genevieve all night. He would then have a chance to wish her off on a fraternity brother.

And from that the cutting-in habit grew, until today, as I have said, if one hundred girls are invited, invitations are extended to four hundred men.

IF, for argument's sake, one hundred girls are bidden to Miss Deborah's coming-out, invitations are sent to four hundred dancing boys, Miss Deborah, being a young thing, doesn't know that, and her mother has great misgivings. Are there that many nice boys in the city?

Enter at this crucial period the social secretary—Miss Evans. In her files Miss Evans has the names, addresses, ages, social health, and records of a thousand dancing men. Very carefully, because the Withers are among our very, very best people, she selects enough names from this list to bring the number of dancing men who are to attend the party up to four hundred.

Miss Deborah doesn't know one in four of them, but the acquaintance of the other girls at her party is no wider. So you can see for yourself how careful Miss Evans must be, if

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVEN]

she is to continue in her thriving and remunerative business.

Suppose one of the strangers, winning Miss Deborah by tagging her partner, should get rough; suppose he should say, in effect:

"Listen, kid, you're the turtle's tiara with me. I'm running in a load of hootch next Saturday night. How'd you like to slip out to the rum fleet with me?"

Probably Deborah would love it; but, if her mother ever learned of it, the first person to suffer would be he or she who was responsible for the presence of the ten-minute egg. Of course, no such sandpaper sport is on file in Miss Evans' office, and, of course, she'd never invite such a galvanized playboy; but she would be held responsible, anyway. So, you see, she has to be careful.

STILL, the work of the social secretary is by no means the rigorous thing it was in the Maria de Barril era. The lines are not nearly so taut.

Getting daughter into society today is not the dreadful ordeal it was when no girl dared pretend to social distinction if she were not within the fold of the Family Circle Dancing Class which was followed by the Junior Cotillion and now is memorialized by the Junior Assembly.

Not, mind you, that it's a simple matter to join the Junior Assembly. It isn't. It's pretty nearly as difficult as getting into the Social Register. Mere membership in the Junior League doesn't pass you into the Assembly. No; the old guard may be failing, but it has no intention of surrendering!

The Social Register was started in 1887—a purely New York affair of one hundred pages. It had its inception in the mind of the late Louis Keller, a writer of society notes and annals. Casting about for a nucleus of names, he was offered the calling list of a lady who was so exclusive that she refused to be polite to anybody less than fifty years old for fear that they had been contaminated by modernism.

Today the New York City Social Register contains the names of twenty-five hundred families. Forty-five hundred members of these families are to be found therein. It has been extended to eighteen cities, and all told there are sixteen thousand American families listed in the eighteen volumes.

Now, what must the Curley-Wolfes do to get their names in the Social Register and thus achieve their life ambitions?

Nothing could be simpler. First, you get an application. These application blanks are not broadcast like chain store dodgers, you know. No! Some person listed in the Social Register applies in behalf of the Curley-Wolfes and vouches for the good habits of his friends.

Properly filled out in neat Spencerian, the application is returned, accompanied by four letters from Social Register registrants, each of which assures the publishers, in effect, that the sacred volume will be more comprehensive and correct if the name of Curley-Wolfe is added to it.

Then a long period of waiting. You can't butt your way into the Social Register. And one of the most dreadful mistakes you can make is to try to lubricate the machinery. No, you must sit down and wait, steeling yourself against the desire to enjoy a nervous breakdown.

In due time the admissions committee convenes, and it doesn't convene until all the members feel like it. When your name is presented the committee may be scattered throughout ten countries. But in due time it meets and your application is scanned.

I have asked several persons who should know to name this committee—its current composition, at any rate. No two were able to agree upon the names. As a matter of fact, the greatest secrecy is preserved. Whenever it becomes known that Mrs. So and So is a member of that committee she resigns. She has to in self-protection.

International Photo

*Miss Beth Evans of New York, who makes a business of being a social secretary. In her offices are files listing every person whose name appears in the Social Register—sex, age, address, social possibilities, and so on. When guests for sophisticated parties are sought, she chooses the right ones. She is professional guide, philosopher, and friend to all who are willing to pay for her advice.*

Striking an average of what my informants tell me, I'd say that about one in ten applicants is accepted. The admissions committee has none of the Chamber of Commerce spirit. Not a glad hand in the group.

There is a gentleman in Long Island who will attest to the flinty quality of the Social Register heart. He tried for seven years to get on the roll. It cost him—the upward climb—a million dollars.

His poker losses paid the living expenses of a dozen families, so I am told. He had made an enormous fortune in commerce by persistence and courage, and he called upon these excellent qualities to land him within the black covers of the book of fate.

His debtors and his conquerors at poker, being of the Social Register, vouched for him. It is said that pressure was brought upon the admissions committee. At any rate, after seven years, the heroic man had his name inserted.

For one whole year his name was in the Social Register. He was so happy that he drew up a new will, leaving millions to fine charities and other millions to educational institutions. He purchased a place at Southampton and gave a series of parties which are still talked about.

A month before a new edition of the Social Register was to appear (there's a new one every year) he ordered a hundred of the books, sending his check for seven hundred dollars. He received the hundred books. But his name was not there.

"What became of the poor man?" I asked my informant.

"Let's see, what did become of him? Ellen, do you know what became of Mr. ———?"

"Seems to me," said Ellen, "that he moved to England or France or Italy. I'm not at all sure. I think somebody was saying that he died."

"Has anybody ever sued the Social Register Association for being expelled therefrom or for being refused admittance?" I asked.

"No," with a laugh. "You can't sue a club for refusing to admit you. If the club doesn't want you it doesn't have to take you. It is thus with the Social Register Association. The Register is owned by a private concern—the heirs of Louis Keller. They can accept or reject names as they please. The very fact that the book includes the names of the first families makes it authoritative. You can't buy your way in. The publishers sell it at seven dollars a copy and, obviously, make a profit out of it."

THERE have been all sorts of designs and plots against the Social Register—designs and plots of which, perhaps, its owners are not aware. If they knew, they refused to acknowledge it. There are numerous multimillionaires who would gladly purchase the publication in order to get their names in it, but their counselors have told them that such a raid upon the sacred document would defeat its own end.

"Suppose your friend, Mr. Curley-Wolfe, did buy the Social Register," said Ellen. "The first thing he'd do would be to insert his own name. Then the jolly old dowagers and the wearers of the mantle of Mr. Ward McAllister would withdraw theirs. And what would Mr. Curley-Wolfe have? Just a little publishing company with no book of any consequence. No, it can't be done.

"As a matter of fact, there were rumors that a society editor wanted to buy the Social Register—willing to pay a large amount of money for it. He had no money of his own, but his backer had no end of it. All that his patron wanted was to get his wife's name in the book. Do you think he has any chance of buying it? Guess."

THE END

"Broadway is crowded with the stars of yesteryear, and not one in a hundred realizes that he is out of style."

*DON'T Slow Down Because You Have Grown Up! Here's a Warning from Some Successful Men*

# *Are YOU* Standing Still *at* Forty?

*By PAUL L. KINKEAD*

Pictures by ROBERT G. JONES

RECENTLY one of the great retail stores of New York passed into other hands. It had been a leader, had yielded fortunes, had held high place in public esteem, and then, without apparent cause, its greatness waned. Fortunes were swept away in an effort to check the ebb tide of business, and at last, failing, the store was sold. Within a few weeks the tide was rising again and the great store was again on the way to prosperity. I inquired concerning the decline of the house.

"They tried to live on their success," said a business analyst. "They were living in the past, and the business world passed them. They stuck to the methods which had won success, refused to change them, and let every business rival pass them so far they could not catch up."

John Golden, theatrical producer, who gave the stage The Seventh Heaven, The First Year, and a dozen other plays, declares that after a man or woman passes forty the temptation to live in the past, to stick to old methods, is universal and that whoever yields for even a brief period is left behind in the race; and that the success of today is out of style and jeered at tomorrow.

I inquired of Colonel Michael Friedsam, president of the great B. Altman stores in New York, as to whether the same condition prevails in trade as Mr. Golden found true in the theater.

"The pace in business is fast, and constantly getting faster," said Colonel Friedsam. "Golden, for instance, has one production at a time, catering to one class which likes that sort of play, and has one set of stage hands and property people. The merchant is playing to a thousand audiences every hour; his stock is the same as a thousand productions, and each one must be up to the minute, or, if possible, ahead of it. He has hundreds of performers; each counter is a theater with the most critical audience in the world. He has hundreds who might be called the stage hands or the property men—and they must have new, fresh props every hour.

"The merchant who tries to live in the past or on his past reputation is in danger of ruin, for there is nothing so fickle as the public. He must keep his organization at top speed all the time, and if any cog in the machine slows down it must be sped up or a new one put in its place.

"It is hardly enough in these days for a merchant in any line to be up to date—he must be ahead of time. A fellow has to go so fast in business, in styles, in service, and in organization that he can wear his future for a bustle and keep ahead of it all the time.

"It is a fine thing to keep ahead of your future—but the minute you glance behind and admire it, and start to thinking how well it looks, you are losing speed or getting ready to take a tumble.

"There isn't time in modern business to glance backward. Just remember the mistakes so as not to repeat them; and set the pace if you can, and hold it if you cannot set it.

"Without mentioning any names, just take a directory of New York or of any city of even twenty years ago, and compare the names of the big merchants of that time with those of today. You can find dozens that have disappeared entirely—and in every case, if you inquire, you will find the chief cause has been that they tried to stick to old methods and failed to advance. The most fruitful source of failure in any line is satisfaction; for the moment a person becomes satisfied and stops moving forward he is going back—and going back so fast that he gets dizzy watching others pass him.

"The merchant who tries to live in the past

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

## WHAT THEY SAY

*"IF YOU stand still for five minutes you have gone back an hour."*—JOHN GOLDEN, *famous theatrical producer.*

*"The merchant who succeeds must go ahead so fast he can wear his future as a bustle, and if he dares look back to admire it even a moment he will fall."*—COL. MICHAEL FRIEDSAM, *President of B. Altman & Co., New York.*

*"The person who achieves success and stops there is a failure."*—*The late* JOHN M. PATTERSON, *president of the National Cash Register Company.*

*"When a ball player gets into the big league he is only beginning. He must work harder and hold a faster pace—yet many get the idea that they have succeeded, and whenever they do that they are certain to go back to the minors."*—CHARLES COMISKEY, *owner of the Chicago White Sox.*

# The BULL'S EYE

*Published every Now and Then*

*Proprietor* MR. ROGERS *Circulation Mgr.* W. ROGERS *Editor* WILL ROGERS

Will Rogers, Ziegfeld Follies and screen star, and leading American humorist, announces a series of 'Bull' Durham advertisements. They are worth watching for.

I WANT it distinctly understood that this is an ad. What's more, it's one of my first attempts. Of course, the logical question is what does Will Rogers know about writing an ad? My answer is simple—everything!

The first thing any ad writer has got to know is how to get paid. I found that out. The first letters of the alphabet I learned were P. I. A.—means Pay in Advance.

The real truth about why I started writing ads for these people is that I got a family kicking the toes out of lots of shoes daily and I read where my employers sold enough of their stuff so that if the bags were laid end to end they would stretch further than from Oklahoma to Yokohama, and that's considerable stretch. So I think this looks good to me. That's why I signed up. I hope it turns into a steady job. At any rate, I'll have another piece here in two weeks from now.

Will Rogers

P. S. I like to forgot to tell you what I was advertising. It's 'Bull' Durham. I don't smoke it myself. I don't smoke anything, but somebody does or else what happened to all those bags?

**IT'S MORE ECONOMI**cal, of course, but the real reason thousands of he-men swear by good ol' 'Bull' Durham is because for sheer goodness of flavor, you just can't tie it.

**TWO BAGS for 15 cents**
**100 cigarettes for 15 cents**

Guaranteed by
The American Tobacco Co.
INCORPORATED

100 CIGARETTES FOR 15 CENTS
Roll your own and you'll own a roll!

'BULL' DURHAM


[CONTINUED FROM PAGE NINE]

dies faster than any other man. Let him lag in keeping up with the styles, or ahead of them, and his public will walk out on him. He may survive on reputation for a time—but not long. Shopping with many persons is a habit, and they will continue to go to the store where they know people and are known for a time, but not for long. The mass of customers quit at the first sign of slowing down in style, service, quality, or in appearance, and it is much harder to get them back once they have gone elsewhere than it was to get their trade in the first place."

"Do men naturally slow down after they pass forty?" I asked.

"IT is the natural instinct," he snapped. "But age is a matter of the individual. Arteriosclerosis doesn't matter so long as it doesn't reach the brain. Some men and women maintain their enthusiasm and are faster than the younger ones to grasp new ideas and to keep ahead. Those who do not soon disappear.

"We have one woman in this store who has been selling the same thing for fifty years and yet has more enthusiasm, more 'pep' and more ideas than many of the young ones, and she naturally is one of the best sales persons."

While I was talking with John Golden a man entered, talked with the producer a minute, and then went out.

"That is one of the tragedies of the theater," said Mr. Golden. "Less than ten years ago his name was in big electric lights on Broadway; his fame extended over the world. He had made a tremendous hit, was a sensation—and tried to stand still and do that same thing ever since. He is forgotten and cannot get even a small part now. He is living in the past.

"Broadway is crowded with the stars of yesteryear, and not one in a hundred realizes that he is out of style. And styles in the theatrical world change even more rapidly than styles in gowns and hats do. A shoe manufacturer who put out one pattern that made a hit and tried to make nothing else would fail—but actors and managers do not seem to understand it.

"My father used to sing the praises of Alexander Salvini and his wonderful voice. His friends and he boasted that Salvini could be heard in the street outside the theater. An actor of that type hardly could get inside a theater now. The old ranting tragedian would do only in a burlesque on tragedy. The tragedian of today reads his lines as a human being would under the circumstances. How the old school idea that men bellowed like bulls ever caught the public is hard to tell.

"That was a queer period on the stage. There is no record that the actors of Shakespeare's time ranted, but later we had a generation that confused oratory and acting.

"A year or two ago I was in a country village, and one of those fellows who live in the past was delivering an oration. It was one of the funniest things I ever listened to, yet as a boy the old flag-waving, eagle-screaming orator was much admired and honored, and held his crowds thrilled. Imagine President Coolidge in such an oration! It is sad, but Edwin Booth would not last a week on Broadway now. Yet thousands of actors and hundreds of thousands of business men are no more up to date than he would be. They cling to the past——"

I talked with Charles Comiskey, the famous old ball player who became owner of the Chicago White Sox and who has kept up with and ahead of the development of the game.

"One of the worst evils we have to combat," he said, "is that of the youngsters who come into the big leagues—think they have arrived—and cease to advance. The fact is that when a ball player gets into the big league he is only beginning. He must keep working harder and hold a faster pace—yet many get the idea that they have succeeded, and whenever they do that they are certain to go back to the minors."

JOHN M. PATTERSON, the late head of the National Cash Register Company, told me that the man who achieves success and then stops is a failure. Mr. Golden agrees with both Mr. Comiskey and Mr. Patterson.

"We see it so plainly on the stage," said Mr. Golden. "Not one in a hundred keeps up—and the moment they make a hit they refuse to advance, and seldom realize that the public has tired of their style.

"When a person passes forty this tendency becomes stronger. I am considerably past that point, and it is a constant fight to keep myself from living in the past and doing things as I did them then. Recently I planned to star an actor who was once very popular. I recalled that he had had two failures in succession. I investigated and learned the trouble in an instant. He was doing just the same things he always did, and the modern generation either did not understand it or classified him as 'old stuff' and would have none of him.

"It is the same with the Gilbert and Sullivan operas. I am a Gilbert fan, play the music, love the lines and the operas. When they were revived a few years ago I told all the youngsters in our family connections how good they were. I offered to buy two hundred seats if they would revive The Yeoman of the Guards, which shows what a fan I am. My nieces were mildly enthusiastic, chiefly because they had heard me talk so much about

the operas; but it was plain to be seen that they were doubting my judgment. It was a past forty audience at almost every performance excepting Ruddigore. The fact that Ruddigore is a hit with modern audiences is another proof of how styles change. The opera was twenty-five years ahead of its time and did not make much of a success when first produced, so it appealed to a new generation.

"I had a stranger experience during another revival. One of my chums, a great comedian, and I were writing songs for a new musical production. We wrote about a hundred, which were thrown out almost as soon as tried. Meantime he had married a very beautiful girl—of the post-Gilbert and Sullivan period. She had heard us talk so much about the Gilbert-Sullivan productions that she thought they were written by a man named Gilbertan Sullivan, and was quite eager to hear the operas. The first was Pinafore, and when *Little Buttercup* sang "I'm called Little Buttercup, dear Little Buttercup," my friend's wife turned to me, and said:

"'Say, who is this Gilbertan Sullivan fellow? Who said he could write music? They're throwing out better stuff of yours every day.'"

"This was flattering and gives the modern idea of old things. The woman simply did not understand the spirit of the time in which Pinafore was written.

"You people do not understand how rapidly you are standing still. For instance, I have a show that is six years old. When we opened in another city the house manager kicked, saying we did not have the original leading lady.

"'Do you realize it wouldn't do?' I said. "'She is too old for the part now.' I had to get a girl who was the same age she was when she originated the part. He had not understood how rapidly the world turns over and how things change.

"If you don't keep ahead of the procession and keep in step with it you go out of style almost in a day. I recall one famous English comedian who came to America and was a sensation. He was pronounced the funniest Englishman the stage ever had known. His tour was a triumph. Three years later he decided to repeat his success. He opened in New York to a well filled house, due to publicity, and, walking on, he said:

"'I was walking hup Fifth Avenue today, and hit his the finest avenue you 'ave noo.'

"No one snickered. He repeated it, and waited. Someone in the gallery said:

"'Yes, yes—go on with the show.'

"The comedian glanced hopelessly toward the wings, cupped his hand to his mouth, and said to a friend:

"'The next boat siles for Lunnon on Thursday.'

"He realized in an instant that his day was done. The style of joke that had set the audiences rocking with laughter was as out of date as a bustle or box toed patent leather shoes would be.

"TEST it in literature; try to get your boy to read Dickens or Cooper. He will read them in a classroom, but nowhere else. Such writing bores him.

"I was shocked not long ago. I purchased a play, intending to use it for one of my stars. It was written by a great playwright from a story by a master humorist. Remembering how I had enjoyed it as a boy, I thought it would fit my star and bought it before rereading it. When I read it again after all those years I was shocked to discover it was as far out of date as John Phoenix or Petroleum V. Nasby would be compared with Ring Lardner.

"Plays age more rapidly than players—and actors and managers who can keep up with the changing styles are rare. A dozen years ago we set the style of having 'candy' last acts—all sweetness and happiness. The diet glutted on the public palate. We were forced to carry the woes of hero and heroine over into the last act and give fifteen minutes of sweets at the very end of the act. Sometimes they will not want any candy at all and will refuse sweets at the end of a meal of strong stage food. Actors who stick to the old style are as dead as are the plays.

"The seat of much serious trouble and the underlying reason for many stage failures is simple: Some will not pay writers and attempt to stick to stuff that has gone big in the past, which is as foolish as for a presidential candidate to try to win on a free silver platform.

"Forty is the danger point, especially for people who achieve success. If you are forty and succeed, you are liable to imagine that success is permanent. The percentage of men and women over forty who keep up to date and do not try to live in the past is amazingly small. A few get away with it in the theater because they keep young in spirit by keeping in touch with the younger generation and catching its viewpoint.

"But the minute you approach forty, whether you are an actor, manager, merchant, lawyer, or anything else—watch out; you are in danger of becoming a back number, trying to live in the past. If you do, you will limit your business to the survivors of your own time."

THE END

*"The merchant who tries to live in the past is in danger of ruin, for there is nothing so fickle as the public."*

# "Shall I discharge him for it?"

ANDREWS, senior partner of the firm, was in a quandary. One of his salesmen, an engaging young fellow and possessing the finest approach to prospective purchasers, simply failed to make any kind of a showing at all.

In a confidential talk with him one afternoon, Andrews discovered the reason. Yet he didn't know whether to tell him about it or simply discharge the man. What would you have done?

* * * *

You, yourself, rarely know when you have halitosis (unpleasant breath). That's the insidious thing about it. And even your closest friends won't tell you.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deep-seated organic disorder that requires professional advice. But usually—and fortunately—halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle. It is an interesting thing that this well-known antiseptic that has been in use for years for surgical dressings possesses these unusual properties as a breath deodorant.

Test the remarkable deodorizing effects of Listerine this way: Rub a little onion on your fingers. Then apply Listerine and note how quickly the onion odor disappears.

This safe and long-trusted antiseptic has dozens of different uses; note the little circular that comes with every bottle. Your druggist sells Listerine in the original brown package only—three sizes: three ounce, seven ounce and fourteen ounce. Buy the large size for economy.—*Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.*

# The Wild, Wild Child

*"You're about as funny as typhoid in the milk," she remarked. "I guess I can crash my own path through this jungle."*

By STEUART M. EMERY

## *A Short Love Story of a Girl Who Was Stifled by Riches*

Pictures by NANCY FAY

I.

"YOU two sit there," remarked Rowena Vanderhaydin to her father and mother, "looking like a pair of stuffed eggplants. Do you wonder why your brightest daughter has tossed her tooth brush and an extra frill into her suitcase and is going where women are women and don't have to be ladies? I'd be a nothing if I didn't tell you."

She jammed a cigarette into her mouth and lit it with a highly vulgar flourish. A horrified coughing on the part of both parents accompanied this act. Her father, Peter Vanderhaydin, stroked his whiskers, while his full pink face grew both fuller and pinker. Mrs. Vanderhaydin's ordinarily majestic and balloonlike black silk seemed to deflate into the limpness of a rag gown. Their undutiful daughter Rowena was off again. The thorn amid the rose garden of their family life was sticking once more into their sides.

"Listen, folks," proceeded Rowena. "You pain me. Honest to Mike, you do. You represent all that is finest and best in Brooklyn Heights. So do my sweet but slightly dumb sisters, Patricia and Priscilla. So do I myself—in an armadillo's ear. Put on the headsets and hark to me a bit—this is Station GRIEF broadcasting."

Long, long ago, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Vanderhaydin had given up their third and youngest daughter, Rowena, as hopeless. Patricia and Priscilla had been delightful children to rear. Never had they failed to answer the call of "tea and bedtime, darlings." But not so Rowena. No less than four times she had been discovered assisting the grocery boy on his rounds by sitting on the front seat of his covered wagon.

Rowena had disappeared not long thereafter —freckles, gangling legs, and all — into the fastness of the Misses Pennington's School for Young Ladies. All travelers who pass the Hudson River by train or motor are familiar with its towers on the more exclusive bank of the river. Those towers are still there to engage the eye—but not Rowena.

At Priscilla's début in the Vanderhaydin mansion Rowena had appeared with a towheaded conquest from the next block named Otto Glutz. The dinner in honor of Patricia's engagement had been celebrated by Rowena through the medium of a telephone call informing the family that she was at an interesting movie and couldn't think of leaving before the end of the film.

"I think—I think," Peter Vanderhaydin, the man of many corporations and affairs, had remarked cautiously at the time, "that she must get it from your side of the family, my dear."

Mrs. Peter Vanderhaydin gasped more pronouncedly than ever.

"Peter," she remarked crisply, "we have done the best for that child that can be done. I am sure that any acts of hers are as much your fault as mine."

"But she—she doesn't behave like a lady," Peter Vanderhaydin replied.

"It simply cannot be explained by any reasonable process, my dear. We send her to an exclusive school and she returns with the—ah!—vocabulary of a truck driver. We surround her with the advantages of as good a home as there is in Brooklyn"—his tone here became pained indeed—"and day by day she approaches nearer to the character of a Paris apache."

"Is it inhi——" faltered Mrs. Vanderhaydin, "is it inhibition, do you suppose? Perhaps we ought to have sent her West."

"Or put her in the reformatory," Peter Vanderhaydin would reply.

ROWENA was a great trial to her father and mother. She promised on this particular evening to furnish even more spirited fireworks than usual.

"I can see it in your eye," Rowena continued, casually kicking at the leg of the nearest chair. "You're dragging up all you've got against innocent me in the past and mulling it over in the vacuum of the dome. You'll never be rid of me by the altar route, dar-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

*"Mae, old kid," she remarked dreamily, "I think at last I've met a wild, wild child like myself. But at present my one ambition is to kill him."*

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTEEN]

lings—the last hand-picked beau I had left the house in one hell of a ——".

"Rowena!" It was a cry of mounting horror from her mother.

"Of a hurry," proceeded Rowena calmly. "When you know a good adjective, use it, is my motto. And all I did was to ask him if there had ever been a chorus girl in his life. I do love a sheik.

"I crave my action, darlings. And honest to Mike, I'm going to get it."

Rowena paused in order to let the full effect of these remarks sink in. They did so—but slowly.

"Don't think I'm not fond of you both," went on Rowena. "I am in my own naïve way. But it's all wrong, folks, it's all wrong. I don't belong in this respectable household—it bores me. I'm a throwback to the generation of Vanderhaydins who slung coal on the docks of Rotterdam in their shirtsleeves."

Two pairs of hands rose fluttering in horror at this remark. Looking at the rotund, groomed lines of Peter Vanderhaydin, one knew instinctively that his ancestors had never slung coal. Mutiny and rebellion were bad enough, but sacrilege could not be tolerated.

"Rowena," he declared, "you are saying things which you will sadly regret when this strange outburst of yours is over. You had better go upstairs."

"And bathe your temples in cold water and go to bed," faltered Rowena's mother. "I'll put some sweet spirits of ammonia in the water."

Their daughter placed a hand on her hip and wriggled her cigarette holder into the corner of her mouth. She also slouched one shoulder, her pose in general suggesting a factory girl getting ready for her spring outing. When she spoke she fairly volleyed her remarks.

"I'm a wild, wild child and I'm wilder when I'm riled. I'm a low-life and a sharpie. And I'm not happy in the Four Hundred—I get my best fun in the submerged tenth. Take a good, swift look at your ugly duckling, darlings. She's flapping her wings tonight."

The parents looked as complete and ghastly silence fell upon the Vanderhaydin library. More in sorrow than in anger, it seemed, a double row of Vanderhaydins in the costumes of past generations looked down from tall, gilded frames on the wall upon a scene unparalleled in family history. A Vanderhaydin—and a lady Vanderhaydin—was going wrong.

"What—what are you going to do?" ventured Mrs. Peter Vanderhaydin.

"Me?" inquired Rowena. Her wide mouth curved in a broad, almost unmaidenly grin. "I'm pulling my private and personal freight out of this dead way station and the lights are all bright ahead. It seemed to be the clubby thing to do to tell you about it first so you won't be advertising in the papers for a missing daughter. Cheerio! I'll drop you post cards."

WITH a piratical swagger Rowena crossed the room and laid a hand on the bell cord. In the Vanderhaydin home they still called the servants by a gentle twitch at a cord. In the case of Rowena's present gentle twitch the velvet strip broke away from its fastening and tumbled to the floor. A substantial form appeared. Malkin, the butler, had been thirty years with the Vanderhaydin family.

"Malkin," said Rowena, "you'll find a packed valise in my room. Do a brisk gallop up the stairs and see if you can get it down here inside the next forty-five seconds without having either asthma or kittens."

Malkin disappeared backward through the door. Perhaps he had fainted. Rowena spun about on her heel to face a stricken audience.

"I guess that order got across," announced Rowena. "And I guess you get what it means without the aid of a chart and a diagram. Your daughter's fed up with respectability. She's stepping out to find a nice little level with mud on it."

"You—you sound as though you meant the gutter," managed her mother with a great effort. Her eyes blinked feebly.

"Maybe I do," said Rowena calmly. "Anyhow, I'm getting away from the crowd of pop-eyed swains and zero brains that hang around this house and my sweet sisters. I'm going out and be myself if jail's the only place I can do it in."

From the doorway came a slight sound. Malkin stood there with the bag, his portly features once more at normal. Rowena waved a casual hand back at her parents.

"Twenty years from now you'll still be sitting there," she pronounced. "Take a good look at yourselves once in a while. Remember, the moss grows thickest on the north side. Good-by and fare-thee-well, darlings. Your errant daughter can take care of herself."

One swift, final look was all she permitted herself before the hall portiéres swung to behind her like a curtain spelling finis to a scene.

"Do you wish the car, miss?" It was Malkin speaking in his customary sonorous accents.

"No, thank you," said Rowena as she took the bag from his hand. "I'll just stagger down to the corner and yell for a taxi. And, Malkin, old pet, a word in your eardrum. This place is getting you, too. Your days are full of nothing but sound sleep. Why don't you snap out of it and be an honest bricklayer or something with zip and steam to it? Life's too short not to do what you want in it."

For just a moment Malkin permitted a vestige of expression to cross his features. That was just as Rowena reached the top of the steps. His nobly molded head was actually

thrust around the edge of the door.

"Maybe I will," he whispered hoarsely. "Good luck, Miss Rowena."

II.

THE front of Blumgarten's department store is an elegant panorama of plate glass, imported gowns, lingerie, drawing-room scenery, neckwear, hardware, and all the thousand and two other articles which expert window dressers lay out to entrap the passerby.

The side of Blumgarten's, however, is a blank-walled alley, presenting nothing more interesting to the gaze than a pair of ash cans.

A young woman in a belted tweed coat with a hat jammed down over one eye had just done a clatter over the nearest ash can. Behind her and around her twittered the outgoing throng.

"You was lookin' into the sky an' you stumbled, dearie," vouchsafed a chunky maiden with a red Tam o' Shanter and a perpetual smile. "That means you was thinkin' of a wedding."

"In a giraffe's tonsils, I was," remarked the young lady addressed. "Marriage and this child are teetotal strangers. I've heard so much about it I never want to meet it. You hand me the ache."

A cheerful giggle answered her. By now the throng of another store's employés was debouching in a noisy stream onto a cross street. The red Tam gave a squeal.

"Here he is, dearie, waitin' for you. Gawd, ain't he grand?"

Sauntering debonairly in their direction, quite evidently from a post of waiting, there approached a tall, immaculate young man in the cutaway and spats which Blumgarten's requires of all its gentlemanly floor walkers. There were thirty of them, but Arthur, of the ladies' wear department, outshone them all.

"Good evening," he observed, speaking boldly to the young lady in the belted coat. "I was trusting you would not be late."

Perhaps he expected the coy blush which ordinarily met his charming chivalry. If so, he was severely disappointed.

"About half a mile down this street there's a river," he was informed. "Go jump in it and wet yourself all over. I told you yesterday to lay off the sweet nothings."

"Aha," returned Arthur with his engaging smile. "Now you're mad at me."

He reached forth a companionable hand and with perfect technique placed it on the arm of the young lady. It was promptly flung off. The red Tam shrieked with glee and withdrew to watch the performance with an interested crowd of her fellows.

"In one more minute, if you keep that stuff up," remarked the young person in the belted coat, coldly eyeing the point of Arthur's jaw, "it will take more than the jingle of an alarm clock to bring you back to the world."

*"I'm pulling my private and personal freight out of this dead way station and the lights are all bright ahead."*

A SMALL, square chin was thrust forward, the determined cleft in it more apparent than ever. Arthur winked at his delighted audience and lounged forward, his large white teeth prominently displayed in the gallant smile of a conqueror.

The target was far too attractive to miss. From somewhere behind the young lady a hard and competent closed hand shot out and Arthur's teeth disappeared from view. The impact was splendid.

"Quite correct," spoke a cheerful voice. "It'll be time to go to work again before his bright blue eyes open."

No one had seen the young man in the taxi driver's cap and uniform who up to now had been quietly sitting on the nearest fire hydrant in supreme defiance of all the laws of the city. He had sprung from the pavement, it seemed, the very same pavement upon which the elegant form of Arthur, the floor walker, was at

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Genuine

BAYER

ASPIRIN

SAY "BAYER ASPIRIN" and INSIST!

Unless you see the "Bayer Cross" on tablets you are not getting the genuine Bayer Aspirin proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians 24 years for

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Headache | Colds | Neuralgia | Lumbago |
| Pain | Toothache | Neuritis | Rheumatism |

Safe — Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proven directions.

Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets
Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists.

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTEEN]

present somewhat sadly crumpled. Rowena Vanderhaydin looked up into the face of her preserver.

"You pack a mighty wallop, Sir Galahad," she observed. "But who in hades told you I needed a protector? I can poke my mashers for myself, thank you."

HE grinned at her. This common taxicab driver grinned at Rowena Vanderhaydin. And as he did so she obtained her first real look at him. Fresh colored complexion, humorous gray eyes, features of classic mold in which there was no flaw. Beneath his cap, she knew, his hair would be crisp and curly. He was undeniably handsome and therefore abhorrent.

"The error is mine," announced the taxi driver with the same grinning calm. She saw now that his lips turned up at the corners. "But just the same you'd better pop into my cab and let me roll you home. Harold or Percy, or whatever his name is, has shambled away, but he may be waiting around the next corner."

He said it to Rowena as though she were a ten-year-old child. A most complete haze of red began to waver before her eyes.

"You're about as funny as typhoid in the milk," she remarked. "I guess I can crash my own path through this jungle. If that's your tin juggernaut over there, its front seat needs a driver."

"And one for company," was the prompt answer. She did not quite realize how it was happening. She only knew that she wanted to put this thoroughly masculine, far too insolent young man in his place. She found, strangely, that she was doing it from the extra seat beside him, bowling miraculously through a swarm of traffic. She also realized that here was a pilot who regarded a quarter of an inch as an ideal margin by which to whisk past a truck. Roused and raging, she fell back on the one weapon which she thought would curl him up like a stricken porcupine.

"I may work in Blumgarten's," she said charmingly, "but I happen to be Rowena Vanderhaydin. Any time I want, I can go back to the well-known Vanderhaydin mansion on Brooklyn Heights and the front door will swing open. Is that sufficient for you?"

He eyed her with absolute joy.

"Quite," he remarked. "I'll go with you any time you want to try it. I've never seen a young lady come down a flight of stone steps on her ear. Personally, I am the Prince of Wales."

Rowena's lips were compressed in a dangerous line. Many a young man of Brooklyn's best circles had seen that line and disappeared from view incontinently.

"I am also Charles G. Moore," proceeded the young man with total calm. "Better known, however, as Bummy."

"Which conveys nothing," said Rowena sweetly. "There are a number of Moores in the telephone book."

"But only one in the Sunday supplements," smiled the young man. "I recommend to your attention the splendid article captioned 'Is Young Moore Crazy or Is He Not? Guardian Great-Uncle Roger Wearies of His Ward's Cavortings.' That's one reason why I am driving a bucking taxicab."

"And the other," said Rowena crisply, "must be because fresh air makes you fresher. Here is my stop — the brownstone front with the shopworn cat on the doormat."

From her pocket Rowena drew out a bill. It was airily waved away.

"No charge to you, lady," said Bummy Moore, still grinning. "Professional courtesy from one bad egg to another. I'll be round tomorrow night at seven prompt for you. It's pay day."

ROWENA hunched her shoulder and glared at him. "And you suppose that sweetie will be waiting for you all a-quiver with excitement?"

"I don't suppose it," he said with unbearable confidence. "From a long and extensive experience with the female of the species, I know it. You and me—we sort of fit together. You'll be waiting for me all right——"

"With a half brick in each hand," shot back Rowena. In a swift run she mounted the steps and disappeared into the house. Presently a tousled, hatless head appeared in a second floor window. Young Bummy Moore was still sitting contentedly in his employer's taxicab in front of the house. Only he had shifted it to the middle of the street and behind him an ever-increasing line of stalled motors, trucks, and other taxicabs were tooting their horns in wrath and impatience.

"Go on home, if you have any," hurled the young lady in the window. "Get off this block and give us some peace."

Bummy grinned up at her, more cheerfully than ever. The honking and tooting increased, horribly. Hoarse shouts and imprecations began to come down the line, directed at the young man's taxicab.

"I'm in love's young dream," he shouted at the top of his lungs. "This is my serenade."

The last view that Rowena had of him showed him lighting a cigarette with nerves unperturbed. She slammed down the window and turned to face her old friend, Mae, the settlement worker, upon whose room she had descended like a minor whirlwind the night of the great escape from the Vanderhaydin atmosphere.

"Mae, old kid," she remarked

dreamily, "I think at last I've met a wild, wild child like myself. But at present my one ambition is to kill him."

III.

"RAZZBERRY!" howled the voice of a young man. "Take him out! Drown him!"

From the seat beside him a shrill, tempestuous whistling was sounding. Rowena Vanderhaydin had two of her fingers in her mouth and was producing an amazing din. Far below them on the stage a mournful looking comedian continued his mournful sounding song, the strains of which were gradually penetrating to the balcony of the Elite Vaudeville House through a blue haze of cigarette smoke.

"Awful!" shouted Bummy Moore again, cupping both hands about his mouth. "Send him to Sing Sing!"

Rowena's private siren let loose a terrific blast. Never in all the two weeks of their acquaintance had she and Bummy been having so good a time. The steady, measured tramping of their feet arose.

"Say, you two," grated a harsh voice. "Youse can that racket. This ain't no menagerie."

From the aisle next to them an usher was glowering full upon them. They visited him with smiles.

"You bet it isn't," howled Bummy. "It's a morgue. Hey, corpse, off that stage!"

It then became apparent that there were three ushers—all stalwart youths with bulging shoulders. The nearest reached in and attached himself to Bummy's collar with an expert hand. The next moment he withdrew the hand with a yelp.

"Try that stuff," announced a young lady's determined tones, "and you'll get this hatpin through your larynx next time. I'm a mean kid when I'm mad and I'm not sweetly simpering now."

Bummy Moore had arisen and was in the aisle, a glad light in his classic countenance as he confronted the Elite Vaudeville House's band of balcony ushers. There were three of them in front of him—three more were pouring down to do the job in style. He felt a defiant hand thrust inside his arm.

"There's murder in their left eye," announced Rowena. "I say we walk out on our own feet instead of on the stretcher they would doubtless prefer. Let's go, doughboy!"

The group of ushers parted before them as though they were carrying red hot pokers. The right fist of young Mr. Moore was describing triumphant circles—in front of her like a lance went the glittering hatpin of Rowena. In another moment they were stumbling delightedly down the nearest fire escape under the red "Exit" sign.

"I've always wanted to be thrown out of a theater," announced Rowena calmly. "My only regret is that father and mother Vanderhaydin were not there to see their daughter engaged in a vulgar brawl."

Bummy nursed a knuckle, slightly scraped on account of one of the ushers being more daring than the others at the last minute.

"You do pretty well for a young lady," Bummy observed. "If you only had some brains or looks you might get to be Joan of Arc or something."

To this sally Rowena Vanderhaydin made no immediate reply, inasmuch as it did not seem worth answering. Slowly, and in the aimless manner of young people with nowhere in particular to go and nothing to spend, they found themselves drifting into the darkened reaches of the park. Here by the side of a moonlit lake they amused themselves for a while by throwing pebbles at the sleeping ducks. A frightful squawking finally attracted the attention of the distant park policeman and they moved hastily into protecting shadows where there was a bench.

"Did I tell you," inquired Rowena, "that I was out home only day before yesterday? The Vanderhaydins' errant child is completely disowned now. It was my dumb-bell sister Patricia's wedding, so I thought I'd better be there to give it the proper refined tone. I slung the old shoe for luck through the back of the limousine window so hard that the bridegroom had to go to the hospital for six hours while they picked glass out of his neck. That's about all I've been doing recently."

"That's nothing," remarked Bummy in a tone of scorn. "The last night I spent under Great-uncle Roger's roof our quiet little crowd lined up all his Japanese vases in the conservatory and bowled for them with a Revolutionary cannon ball he kept around the den. The cannon ball was hardly hurt a bit, but I went to Europe the next week on a cattle boat just the same. There was one flinty-eyed old philanthropist without an ounce of merry humor and I told him so. He gave me a mean and thoughtful look in return."

"And you haven't seen him since?" Through Rowena's mind there flitted pithy lines from a series of highly lurid Sunday newspaper articles featuring the cheerful career of one Bummy Moore. She had dug them up in the public library. They had been colorful, indeed.

"Seen old frosty-face since? I should say not or ever want to again after he booted me out of his mansion. I took my year banging around Europe doing odd jobs for my board and keep, and got back here about two months ago. I haven't heard even a word about Great-uncle Roger since the day I left his house. It was too full of pet cats and dogs to suit me, anyhow. His hobbies were a silver headed cane, the gout, and hating the world."

"I don't blame him for hating you," said Rowena candidly. "Every time you look in the mirror you come away with a better impression of yourself, don't you? And you're nothing but a second rate taxi driver."

"And what are you?" inquired Bummy with equal candor. "One of the help in a hand laundry since Blumgarten's fired you for talking back to a cash customer. You and I are just a couple of bum branches in good old family trees. They have 'em every generation or so. You ought to be darned glad you met a nice chap like me."

Rowena knew what was coming as she watched the cautious motion of Bummy's arm. A confident smile illuminated his face—the smile that always made her want to part his hair with something solid. Even back on the refined Brooklyn Heights there had been occasional young men who had wished to put an arm about Rowena Vanderhaydin. Always they had retired in confusion. But this time a strange tremor seemed to possess her. She disliked the idea intensely. In another moment Bummy might be giving her orders and she might be taking them.

"Officer," she said loudly and clearly. "This man is annoying me."

The back in blue that had just passed them turned with businesslike promptitude.

"Young feller," boomed the voice of authority. "You get out o' here and get quick. Want him run in, lady?"

"Not this time, officer," said Rowena. "He's just a fresh stiff that needs a good, hard jolt."

Bummy Moore stood above her, smiling, while the policeman eyed him with increasing suspicion.

"Rowena," Bummy informed her feelingly, "you're a charming little devil! The next time I see you I hope you're looking through the gate of the reformatory."

"And the next time I see you," Rowena flung at him promptly, her cleft chin thrust forward, "I hope you're completely surrounded by calla lilies. Take him away, officer. I've changed my mind."

IV.

MALKIN, the butler, sat ponderously on the edge of the guest chair in Rowena's room clutching the brim of his derby hat. A strange, happy expression now overspread his face.

"I thought to myself," he said huskily, "that I'd come and tell you all about it. You see it was you, Miss Rowena, that put the idea in my head the night you left the house. Thirty years I've been with the family and it was a blow to them to see me go. But you were right, miss, when you said life's too short not to do what you want in it."

"Malkin, old pet," announced Rowena, lighting a cigarette, "the brains which I never suspected in you seem to have popped to the surface at last. My heartiest felicitations on your decision to lead a mad, free life. Thirty years of saying 'Dinner is served, madam,' must

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

*The Sheriff Said:*

## "Six Men Can Lick Him---"

WILLIAM SLAVENS McNUTT

*AND the sheriff took along a prize fighter to make sure. But he was wrong. They "jumped" Skookum Purdy on a lonely road—and then—— But we shall not spoil the climax of this stirring tale.*

WILLIAM SLAVENS MCNUTT *recounts the incident in a rapid-fire short story of life and the administration of justice in the Northwest. He calls the story* STRONG, *and it appears in next week's Liberty.*

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVENTEEN]

have come to be a trifle mechanical in the end. As I remember it took you about fifteen years to get it down really right."

A slight trace of pain appeared on Malkin's countenance, but it passed away. "I'm sure I always did my best, Miss Rowena. But I'll make a confession to you. I was never meant to be a butler, though I did my duty at it and saved money."

"So now what reckless act have you committed?" inquired Rowena.

Malkin peered cautiously about the room and lowered his voice to a husky whisper. "I've gone in for a detective, Miss Rowena. It's what I've always wanted to be since I was a boy."

"Malkin," said Rowena, "honest to Mike, I'm proud of you. A detective with a hard hat and flat heeled shoes. A two hundred and fifty pound shadow. Thank God, the city is now safe. Shake hands with a mere laundress, old pet."

The act of handshaking was performed solemnly, whereupon Malkin cleared his throat. "I shouldn't tell you this, Miss Rowena, but I'm on a big thing now. You remember Mr. Eustace Greene, up on Park Avenue, who used to dine with us on Friday nights? He's given our agency a fine bit of work. It's a missing heir case—just like you read about in the books. If we don't locate Charles G. Moore by eleven o'clock tomorrow night he'll lose half a million dollars."

"He'll which? He'll what?" demanded Rowena.

"It's part of the will of Roger K. Moore, his great-uncle, who died nine months ago," explained Malkin, champing his jaw with excited glee. "He left this missing young gentleman five hundred thousand dollars in cash provided that by eleven o'clock of the night of May 17 he appears at the home of Mr. Greene, the executor, to claim it. You've been around the city a lot since you left. Have you met him, Miss Rowena?"

"Your childlike confidence in me is touching," remarked Rowena. Her wide mouth was firmly pressed and her eyes held a strange fire. "I have never met Charles G. Moore; I never hope to meet him; I wouldn't know him if I saw him. I have a headache, Malkin. Would you mind going out and pounding the pavements some more?"

INSIDE the next five minutes Rowena was hearing, at the other end of a telephone wire, the cheerful and confident accents of one Bummy Moore.

"Aha," he was chortling, "so my little playmate has called me up, has she? She isn't sore any more that I talked the park cop out of locking me up for the night? Rowena, I'm through with you for life. I'm hanging up. Good-by."

"Shut up, you dumb-bell," commanded Rowena, clearly. "Meet me here tomorrow night with your taxicab. Ten o'clock. I've got something to say to you."

"I don't want to hear it," he shouted. There came a click and Rowena had replaced the receiver, a look of absolute calm on her face.

"Drive slowly," she ordered as, the following evening at exactly 10:01, she climbed into the front seat of Bummy Moore's taxicab. "In the direction of Park Avenue. I want to see how the other half lives."

Her directions were followed to the letter.

"Bummy," demanded Rowena presently, "what would you do if you came into half a million dollars in cash?"

"Spend it with both hands," he replied promptly, "and kick it over two continents with both feet. I'd go over the horizon with it like a bolt of green lightning. And you'd never see me again for the trail of sparks."

"I gathered as much," said Rowena. The taxicab gave a swift jerk and curved into the lower reaches of Park Avenue. "You should have been president of a bank. You'd have enjoyed watching the depositors fight to get their money out of it. Whereabouts on this street would you say Number 436 was?"

"Round the Fifties somewhere, country maiden. Want to stop and look at it?"

"No," said Rowena sweetly. "I'm going to do you a great favor. Too much money has made you into quite a fair taxicab driver. Too much money again would make you into a hopeless nut. Drive me up into the Hundred and Twenties."

Bummy shot a calm and insolent glance at her and they rolled steadily north along smooth asphalt. He caught now and then a low muttering from beside him, which was Rowena Vanderhaydin communing with herself.

"The lowlife. The bum. Half a million cold coming to him and his handsome face if I spill him the glad tidings. And then Rowena can fold her hands and watch him disappear out of her young life. Shall I tell him there's a pile of bank fodder waiting for him to show up and grab it? Yes, I will—in a centipede's hind leg."

"Where are we now?" she demanded a moment or so later.

"Hundred and Thirtieth Street. Foothills of the Adirondacks."

"And what time is it?"

"Half past ten or after. Time for good little girls to be in bed." He turned to face her and she felt a sudden, unexplainable storm of rage sweeping through her. Could it be that she was still Rowena of the Heights? Did the old Vanderhaydin traditions still encase her despite her bold adventure into the perfect freedom? She caught the glint of a seal ring on her finger. It had a coat of arms and a motto—"Fearless and leal."

"Bummy," she said, with a small, wrathful choke in her voice, "I'm afraid that it's once a lady always a lady. Turn around and drive like Halifax for 436 Park Avenue. Damn the luck, anyhow."

He grinned once and swerved the cab. The blocks began to roll by in a single long gridiron of cross streets. Rowena began to rock in her seat.

"Faster," she shouted. "Faster, Bummy! There's only ten minutes left to make it!" And then a queer, twisted smile appeared on her wide mouth. The watch on her wrist said five minutes to eleven, the darting taxicab had just passed Number 460. Just then a big, black, shining limousine driven at a furious rate of speed shot out from the cross street and crashed into the side of the cab.

V.

"ALMOST interesting clause to a most interesting will," declared Mr. Eustace Greene to his pair of guests. "It was not at all the impression of anyone that old Roger Moore would leave anything to his young ward Charles. He was known always to feel most spitefully toward him. And now, apparently, the money must go to charity." He consulted the clock on the drawing room mantel with a precise eye. Everything about Mr. Eustace Greene was precise. "There is exactly one minute and seven seconds left for him to appear in."

Peter Vanderhaydin's hand went restlessly toward his whiskers. There had been practically no topic of conversation at this evening's dinner other than the strange bequest of old Roger Moore. Mrs. Peter Vanderhaydin, somehow, could not keep her eyes off the door. A moment ago she had been seen to start visibly. That had been at the intrusion of a loud, crashing noise into the ultra-quiet of Park Avenue. But a complete and soothing silence had followed it.

"It is over," said Eustace Greene. "The clock is now striking the hour. Charles Moore is not here."

"He certainly is," arose a loud and competent voice. "Here he is under my arm."

DRAGGLED and bearing a large black lump over one eye, Rowena Vanderhaydin stood in the doorway with fire in her glance. Beneath one arm she seemed to be cherishing a limp bundle of battered rags.

"This is Charles G. Moore," she announced. "He's been knocked for a loop. His nose is broken, his wrist is sprained and he won't come to for a bit of time yet. I've just picked him out of what's left of his taxicab and carried him a block and a half. I call that service."

"Rowena!" Mrs. Peter Vanderhaydin had gone completely limp from the shock.

"Rowena, my daughter!" cried Peter Vanderhaydin.

"Greetings, father. Hello, mother," hailed Rowena, with her young man still under her arm. "Salutations, Mr. Greene. Can you stir up something to bring the missing heir to?"

Magically from somewhere there appeared cold water and cloths. Rowena bent to her task of reviving young Bummy Moore with complete competence. Faintly his lips moved.

"Grand Central," he muttered. "All out."

"What did I tell you?" inquired Rowena. "I knew he'd come round like a clock. He'll be making sense in another quarter of an hour. That's more than he usually does."

He was making it in less than that. He was sitting up fairly bright-eyed but still more or less numbed about the upper portions of his anatomy in exactly twelve minutes. It would take another two or three days, however, to make him look like anything in particular.

Mr. Eustace Greene, with the air of a stage manager not to be distracted from the show, was indicating an important-looking steel dispatch box which had just been brought in and placed on the center table.

"It was a part of the extraordinary provisions of your Great-uncle Roger's will that the five hundred thousand dollars in cash be placed in your hands the moment you appeared," he explained carefully to Bummy. "Therefore, I have had it in my private safe for some time. I am glad to have Mr. and Mrs. Vanderhaydin and Miss Vanderhaydin as witnesses that the original seals are unbroken. Here is the key, Mr. Moore."

"Rowena," muttered that young man brokenly, "you open Captain Kidd's chest for me. Show me what half a million dollars in real money looks like. This head of mine might burst under the added strain. It's buzzing still with the merry news."

"In my life," remarked Rowena, "half a million dollars is nothing. You're what I call the jellyfish's spine. You expect your great-uncle to leave you nothing but a lot of hard words and now you don't dare look a complete flock of luck in the face. Beat it to Paris tonight if you want. Slip me the key, Mr. Greene, or I'll use a fire poker on it."

Five strained faces hung over the box as Rowena lifted the lid. Neatly packed within

and filling it from bottom to top was a mass of packages of currency.

"My God!" said Rowena. "It's five hundred thousand dollars all right. But it's all in Confederate money."

It was. There was enough of it, duly stamped with the seal of the Confederate States of America, to finance the Army of the Valley of Virginia for a three years' campaign. But outside of that it was doubtful if it could be spent for much.

The ghastly silence that followed was broken by the loudest laugh ever heard on the stately premises of Mr. Eustace Greene. Holding his throbbing head Bummy was rocking to and fro in his chair.

"Ouch!" he shouted. "And I'm the boob who told Great-uncle Roger he didn't have an ounce of humor. The old boy has certainly pulled a cuckoo on me. I never really appreciated him until now. Ha! Ha! I hope he hears me utter that."

AN equally loud peal of mirth joined him. That was Rowena. She hunched her shoulders and dove in the direction of her father and mother. Her father she struck so smartly on the back that his gold-rimmed pince-nez fell to the floor and was promptly trodden under his daughter's heel. Her mother she kissed so emphatically on both cheeks as to leave her out of breath for the next five minutes.

"Darlings," she exclaimed. "You can't be mad at your sweet daughter any more. She's skipping about from sheer glee. She's found out that after all she's a lady at least. It's back to the Vanderhaydin mansion and the sheltered life for me tomorrow."

"What's that?" inquired an insolent and cheerful voice. It was Bummy Moore, the battered wreck, being heard from again.

"You'll have a little property, Mr. Moore," tactfully cut in Mr. Greene, evidently trying to smooth over a distressing situation. "Your great-uncle had in trust for you a certain small amount of funds from your own family. It is not much as money goes but——"

"Is it enough to start a taxi business of my own?" inquired Bummy. He did not wait for an answer but arose, somewhat groggily, to his feet. "Rowena, you come over to this window and you come quick."

Behind them they heard the excited sound of voices still discussing the devastating tragedy of Great-uncle Roger's humor. But Rowena failed to give an ear to them.

"My face will be a wreck from now on," Bummy was commencing. "I'll be a picture of bargain day at the white goods counter."

"You were too darned good looking anyhow," returned Rowena critically. "A crook in your nose and most of the skin off your forehead will improve you tremendously. Also, I like you with that eye half closed."

"You dry up," Bummy informed her. "Save it for the long winter evenings. All I've got to say is that you're not going back home to Brooklyn."

"I'm not? Who says so, sheik?"

"I do," he announced calmly. "You know darned well that the other night in the park when I put my arm around you I was going to ask you to marry me. I'd have married you tonight if that money had been real and you know that, too. We wild, wild children ought to stick together. Isn't that so, old kid?"

Rowena Vanderhaydin regarded him defiantly. They were alone in the window, and once more she felt that arm of his creeping about her waist.

"This time are you going to call a cop, Rowena?"

"You poor fish," she stated cheerfully, "I think I've been in love with you ever since you took that mighty wallop at Arthur, the floorwalker. No, I'm not going to yell for a cop as soon as your arm gets around me. I'm going to yell for a minister."

They were married within the week in the parlor of a justice of the peace on a side street in the Forties. But no one could have called it a quiet wedding. Workmen on a neighboring building were blasting and riveting continuously so that they both had to shout "I do" to each other at the top of their lungs.

THE END

*"My God!" said Rowena. "It's five hundred thousand dollars all right. But it's all in Confederate money."*

# Crowded Days *in* Bermuda

*Seventh Article of the Series*

# *The* Woodrow Wilson I Knew

*By MARY ALLEN HULBERT*

© G. V. Buck from U. & U.

*Woodrow Wilson and his secretary, Joseph Tumulty, shortly after the 1913 inauguration.*

*THE writer of these reminiscences enjoyed the friendship of President Wilson for a number of years, beginning while he was president of Princeton University. During the earlier of these years she was Mrs. Mary Allen Peck. Later her marital ties were severed and she resumed the name of her first husband—Hulbert.*

*In her previous articles Mrs. Hulbert has given a picture of the War President such as has not before been presented to the public. In those articles Woodrow Wilson the man is seen, the veil of the academician dropped and the real Wilson brought into view.*

*With minds having much in common, a close friendship was established between Mrs. Hulbert and Mr. Wilson, which friendship finally became the subject of comment. In the meantime Woodrow Wilson had become President and Mrs. Hulbert gives some interesting sidelights on his home life in the White House.*

*In her relations with President Wilson Mrs. Hulbert found him to be very human and not always the cold, self-satisfied, and austere scholar he was generally supposed to be; a man who felt it was his duty to become a national and political leader, however opposed such a course was to his natural inclinations.*

*As for Presidential aspirations, Mrs. Hulbert says Woodrow Wilson was not ambitious to become President and accepted the office as a matter of duty rather than preference.*

*Averse to meeting strangers, as a rule, President Wilson sometimes met a man in whom there was a kindred spirit, such as Lord Fisher, who was Admiral of the British fleet at the time he and the then Governor-elect of New Jersey became acquainted.*

I HAD OFTEN spoken to Woodrow Wilson of Lord Fisher and had frequently expressed a desire to bring them together. They were quite opposite types but both supremely self-confident. But the presence of Lord Fisher in this country (this was in 1910, when he was here to attend the wedding of his son to Miss Jane Morgan of Philadelphia) was my opportunity to introduce the brilliant Governor-elect of New Jersey and the old sea dog who had, by sheer force of character, risen to command the world's mightiest naval force.

*The late Henry H. Rogers, Standard Oil magnate and a friend of Mrs. Hulbert.*

It happened that I was a guest of Colonel and Mrs. Washington A. Roebling at Trenton on Thanksgiving day in 1910 when Mrs. Roebling told me that Lord Fisher was in America.

"Mary," she cried, "Lord Fisher is in Philadelphia for the wedding of his son Cecil to Jane Morgan. Do ring him up."

"Is it r-e-e-a-a-lly you?" drawled Fisher over the telephone as I got the connection. "Do come over—right off, you know. Come on at once. It's awfully good to hear your voice, r-e-e-a-a-lly."

I explained that it was impossible for me to go to Philadelphia but that the Roeblings were glad to have him over to Trenton for luncheon. And after a while he exploded the information over the wire that Mrs. Morgan was preparing to motor him over to Trenton.

"I say," he blurted when we greeted each other, "what's the matter with you? You're as thin as a herrin', you know."

At the luncheon Fisher was Fisher. He was not the self-contained Britisher of the conventions but given to explosions and furious gesticulations. It was nothing at all for the man suddenly to leap to his feet and, deserting the food momentarily, stomp the room, illustrating his discourse with pantomime.

Once while thus depicting his thoughts at the Roebling luncheon he stopped short, glared at the table, and roared to Mrs. Roebling:

"I say, what glorious china!"

Before Lord Fisher had departed for Philadelphia after luncheon I invited him to have dinner, a night or two later, with Doctor Wilson and me at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York. And there those two men met. Present also were Mrs. Gollan, wife of the Chief Justice of Bermuda, and her mother, Mrs. Norris.

A tremendous success, that dinner. Try as I will, I cannot remember the conversation, but the two men were utterly absorbed in each other. It was midnight before we left the table.

ALTHOUGH I cannot reproduce the brilliant dialogue of the two men at the dinner, I can still see them contrasted. There talked Fisher—vivacious, shrewd, able, almost wholly material and never for a moment forgetful of Fisher. And across from him Woodrow Wilson, calm, dignified, poised, canny, and then ready to set aside Woodrow Wilson for what Woodrow Wilson stood for.

Fisher: Enjoying hugely every fight he had ever had or seen. Man of the world. Loyal but lacking human tenderness.

Wilson: Suffering intensely in every fight yet resolving to fight desperately to the finish. Not the man of the world. A reasoned but never impulsive tenderness.

As we were dispersing, after dinner, Fisher drew me aside, saying:

"He's a big man."

"How big?" I asked, not so idly as it may sound, for Fisher was famous for his ability to pick men.

"I think he will be the next President of the United States if he wants to be."

A rare person, Fisher! A vain man. Vain

# The True Story of the Mysterious "Mrs. Peck's" Long Friendship with the War President, as Written by Herself to Silence Whispering Tongues

Bradley Photo.

*Mary Allen Hulbert as she appears today.*

of his "figgah, you know," of his dancing, of his progress. He was considered a dangerous man by the ladies, but really he wasn't. I, for example, was not at all afraid of him and failed to see him as a peril of any hue. You may know or not that he was called (behind his back, to be sure) the Yellow Peril. His mother was a high caste Singhalese, therefore that cast of facial feature which won him his nickname. It was because he and I were so frequently together in Bermuda that some of the ladies there would have it that I was by far too bold with him.

A villain? Fisher? Once he made me a present—a somewhat battered and quite old Book of Common Prayer. It had been his daughter's.

IT occurs to me that my somewhat helter-skelter style of setting forth the Woodrow Wilson I Knew and my occasional excursions into the careers of other notable men automatically prompt the question of my own origin. Nothing could be much simpler. It is quickly told—as it should be.

I was born Mary Allen in Grand Rapids, Michigan, just sixty-two years ago. How the mystery is vanishing. I shan't have a secret to gloat over when this series is done, and then I shall be poor, indeed. My grandfather, a surgeon of considerable note in his day, took upon himself in my tenderest years to give me a running start toward education. Among my most vivid recollections are those scenes when he took me between his knees and in a musical baritone declaimed for my benefit (or perhaps his own) addresses to young men about to start out in life.

My grandfather was connected in some visiting capacity with the public school system of Michigan, and I rather think that he was practicing upon me the speeches he was wont to make before boys about to be graduated. My grandmother Allen was a Vermonter, having migrated to that stern State with her mother and father, Polly and Thomas Beach, from Long Island City, New York.

I married Thomas Hulbert of Middletown, Connecticut, in Duluth, Minnesota, and while he, a civil engineer, was engaged in trying to trace the veins of the Calumet and Hecla mines to the Canadian side of Lake Superior I spent a season with his parents in Italy. Allen Hulbert, my son, was born several years after my marriage.

Mr. Hulbert died as the result of an accident sustained while he was prospecting in Canada, and a few years later I married Thomas D. Peck, a manufacturer, of Pittsfield, Massachusetts. Then it was that I moved to New England, which my grandmother, exiled therefrom to Michigan, via a covered wagon train, in 1826, repeatedly had assured me was an earthly paradise.

It was after my second marriage that I began to spend winters in Bermuda, and there it was that I met most of the notables I have mentioned.

Winter after winter I visited the blessed islands, and it was but natural that sooner or later such a perennial should become sort of a link between the Americans and the British. For example, it was in my house that many Americans met the British government officials stationed in the archipelago. I confess I loved the position because it meant a more or less constant diversion.

*James W. Gerard, former ambassador to Germany and a frequent visitor to the Bermuda home of the Hulberts.*

LORD FISHER was, probably, the most colorful (no pun intended) man I met. It might be said of him that he could make you angry many times but never for a moment would he bore you. His gestures were expansive, impulsive, sometimes almost absurd.

One day, incidental to his expected glorification of his hero—Admiral Nelson—he remarked that despite the fact that the Admiralty had tabooed green paint for the navy, because it was so expensive, he was reviving it (Nelson's favorite color) and that he had started with his barge, which was lying off shore where I could see it.

"Like it?" he demanded.

"Not particularly," I replied. "It is rather good except for those hideous black funnels, though."

"What would you have?" he exploded, outraged, probably, because I had not enthused over Lord Nelson's favorite dress for *his* barge.

I told him that the perfect barge should have brass funnels and thereat dismissed the subject as somewhat foolish. Really, I didn't care one way or the other what color Fisher's barge was or whether it had funnels.

But this extraordinary man sent the barge to the dockyard and forthwith had the funnels painted to look like brass.

Lady Fisher was a perfect balance for her somewhat *furioso* husband—a calm, poised, kind woman and a very wise mother. He, adoring her, was wont to have a creamy rose in a little vase standing beside her picture.

"That's the way she looked the first day I saw her," he assured me. "Just like a lovely white rose. And I said, not knowin' who she was, 'That girl is goin' to be my wife, damn it.' And, by gad, she is."

And, apropos of this, I think he translated the motto on his coat of arms: "We Fish Where We Like." In any case, it should have been that.

But Lord Fisher and Woodrow Wilson did not meet, as I have said, until that night in New York. I am rather sorry, because it would have been something of a treat to have had them together for a longer time.

If I am not mistaken, it was I who introduced Doctor Wilson to James W. Gerard, whom he afterward appointed ambassador to Germany. I cannot recall the exact date or the specific occasion, because the Gerards were often in my house in Bermuda, as were the late Henry H. Rogers (grandfather of Millicent, who married Count Salm, much to the dismay of her parents), Mark Twain, and other Americans who were members of the winter colony. I am pretty certain that Doctor Wilson had not

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

*Sir Henry Cowper Gollan and Lady Gollan on the Shoreby lawn. Sir Henry was Chief Justice of the Bermuda Islands from 1904 to 1911, and a close friend of the Hulberts.*

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-ONE]

met Mr. Gerard until they came together in my house in 1909.

Shoreby was a very modern house with modern furnishings—most comfortable but without the charm of Inwood, where I first received Woodrow Wilson. Inwood has the mellow beauty of two centuries. The broad veranda and terrace of Shoreby, almost overhanging the water, made up for any lack, however, and it was a place where one could lie in the hammock, "looking lazy at the sea," vicariously enjoying all the thrills of a yacht race in a stiff breeze. One could see from that piazza the New York steamer nosing in through Two Rock Channel.

I can see it all now as though it were yesterday. I can see and hear those two old dears, H. H. Rogers and Mark Twain, sitting there frolickingly conversational, chuckling and gibing at each other—Mark solemnly telling Mr. Rogers how fortunate he was in having for a friend a man, like himself, of "unblemished honor!"

And one day, while someone was expressing mock surprise that he should tolerate friendship with a man whose money was "tainted," Mark gave birth to that now ancient and honorable:

"You're right; you are perfectly right. It's doubly tainted. 'Tain't yours and 'tain't mine."

At least, I shall give Mr. Clemens credit for originating that.

THAT winter (1908) Mr. Rogers had some difficulty in walking and wore shoes rather large for his feet. Did his old friend, Mark Twain, sympathize? He did not. Instead he constantly jeered the Standard Oil man, making much of the "scows" Mr. Rogers wore. He assured Mr. Rogers that walking on the water should have no perils for him, equipped with such "barges."

But when Woodrow Wilson joined the circle at once the mental atmosphere changed. It wasn't that Doctor Wilson was not appreciative of humor, and it is certain that it was not that he was less witty, but they no longer lolled in their seats. Nor did they indulge in intimate personalities. It was out of mental dressing gowns and into collars, ties, and coats, so to speak.

I am sure that Woodrow would have loved to have slipped into such figurative dressing gowns, joining Mr. Rogers and Mr. Clemens in their good-fellowish procedure, but he was never quick enough. They had seen him coming. There was that about him which made them snap into formality. He just couldn't help that.

However, the three of them seemed a quite happy combination despite the little fight Doctor Wilson always had with himself (he told me so) about any real contact with one whom he associated with the money-trust, as he called it. He told me that he looked upon this "money-trust" as quite the most serious threat of the trust menace.

AND Woodrow had no small talk. He could and did talk brilliantly and was amazingly quick at repartee when he was matched with a mind which really struck fire. But as for managing the patter of light talk he neither would nor could.

The English manage this so well. They have, I think, a system of this sort: just take the last word of every sentence and make it the subject of the next. It works almost automatically and, beside levying absolutely no tax upon one's mentality, leaves one's thoughts quite free to wander whither they will. For example:

"Will you have tea?"

"Righto. Very interestin' to see the tea growing in India. Of course, you have marvelous buildin's in America, but the Taj Mahal isn't half bad, you know."

"Not at all. Will you have sugar?"

"Yes; we like the coarse vacuum pan from the West Indies, you know."

And so on *ad infinitum*. Not the least of the system's beauties is that *anybody* can use it.

But to get back to my informal gatherings at Shoreby. Such meetings might be described in greater detail, but there were so many that none remains very vividly in my memory. I recall most clearly a luncheon I gave to Mr. Rogers, Mark Twain, Doctor Wilson, and a few others.

It seems to me that the American consul, Will Allen, was there with Mrs. Allen. Also Colonel Stephen Frewen and his wife and the Hamilton Parrishes and Major and Mrs. Haynes.

At any rate, the inspiration came from Mark Twain, who once said, "Rogers, did you ever eat buck pepper pot?"

"Not knowingly," said Mr. Rogers.

"Mrs. Peck," said Mr. Clemens, "some day invite poor Rogers here to eat buck pepper pot."

It must be apparent that I was noted for buck pepper pot. I must hand the laurel to its rightful owner—Mrs. Sally Jones of Bermuda. It was her recipe. At any rate, I at once invited Mr. Rogers, who politely accepted, although I'm afraid he was not confident that it was going to do him very much good. I resolved to make a party of it and invited the others I have mentioned.

WOODROW WILSON accepted with cold politeness. His was a sensitive digestion which was accustomed to rebel suddenly if displeased. However, I assured him that others had tried buck pepper pot without casualty. Poor man, he *was* so quiet at that luncheon. And he did try so hard to enjoy it. Bravely he ate, hoping that nothing untoward would happen to him.

But Mark Twain ate valiantly, as did Mr. Rogers.

"Seems to me," drawled Mr. Clemens, "that it's not as sharp as usual. Pot all right, but the pepper seems to have weakened."

"Not brisk enough?" I suggested.

"No. Hasn't the usual vim, so to speak."

"Do you see those dark, shriveled things?" I inquired, indicating chili peppers. "Chew one of them."

A bowl of flowers sat between Mr. Clemens and Mr. Rogers so that neither could see the face of the other distinctly without leaning to one side or the other. Mr. Clemens put one of the peppers into his mouth and, remarking that he Fletcherized everything he ate, chewed solemnly.

On his face came a look of consternation. A flood of tears welled from his eyes. Yet he gamely chewed on—and swallowed.

"Wonderful!" he cried. "Rogers, try it. Take three or four of them."

"I'll take two," announced the Standard Oil man.

Ah, I shall not forget that picture of Mr. Clemens and Mr. Rogers weeping copiously across from each other. I don't think Doctor Wilson enjoyed buck pepper pot. He had the Southerner's ideas of food. Nothing was so good to him as chicken, corn, and spinach. When I had lunch with him when he was President-elect we had chicken, corn, and spinach. The last time I saw him, in Los Angeles, we lunched on chicken, corn, and spinach.

He was no gourmet. Food was to him a necessity, not a luxury.

In our social procedure we were still rather Victorian in Bermuda. For example, after dinner it was the custom of the men to remain in the dining room over their cigars and liquor while the ladies decently repaired to another room to await the coming of their lords. I never quite held with this custom, being of the opinion that it was a dreadful bore and vastly preferring the company of the men to the gentler gossip of the ladies. But custom is an inexorable thing and must be bowed to.

Nevertheless, by keeping my ears sharply cocked, I did not wholly go without knowledge of what the men were doing and saying. A typical after-dinner group of men would be, let me say, Doctor Wilson, Judge Gollan, Lord

Frederic Hamilton, Will Allen, Sir Walter Kitchener, Major Haynes, and perhaps Mark Twain and Mr. Rogers. To be sure, this was not an arbitrary group.

There were others on occasion. Bruce Falconer, who is, I believe, a New York City alderman, was occasionally with us. James W. Gerard may have been a member of such a group. And—oh, there was James Otis, the author of the juvenile classic Toby Tyler, or Ten Weeks with the Circus. He called upon me one day to come to his rescue. He was a bachelor, and he pleaded not being skillful at arranging social affairs. The Bermudians and the Americans had been so nice to him that he wanted to repay, in so far as he might, by giving a party. Yes, we *gave* parties in those days, and did not, as I am informed is the 1924 manner, *throw* them.

OF course, I helped him as best I could. He was quite grateful. He called me Mrs. Bunty, explaining that I pulled the strings so deftly. As a matter of truth, my house was the gathering place for so many of the British and the Americans simply because I was not a string-puller in the accepted sense.

I had no favors to ask; no axes to grind.

At any rate, those after-dinner hours for the men were broadly if not deeply educational. It would be, let us say, a coolish evening and cedar logs were crackling in the great fireplace. Woodrow would start the general conversation with remarks about life in Princeton as compared with that in Bermuda. As I have said, he had no small talk and it was almost certain that his comparisons would be of a most serious nature. And, of course, he would touch (at least touch) on American politics.

"I don't want to go back to Princeton particularly. . . . Probably should not feel that way. . . . But I do want to get back to work and fill my days with hard, necessary things. I miss the tonic of it. I feel rather sidetracked—rusticated and in danger of rusting."

A solemn shaking of heads. Colonel Frewen introduces the subject of banana planting. But Woodrow is not through:

"That is what comes of having to work all your life. After a while it becomes so that you cannot do without it. Insidious habit. After all, work well done is . . ."

Colonel Frewen is somewhat bitter in his arraignment of the American taste in bananas. He was raising the very finest of all bananas, he said; had fetched the stock from the best banana countries. But would Americans eat them? Never. They preferred the large, yellow, plantain-like affairs. Bah!

CHIEF JUSTICE GOLLAN then makes his frequent but always unsuccessful attempt to have Colonel Frewen tell the story of a famous charge made once by the Sixteenth Lancers. The Colonel eyes Gollan coldly and addresses himself to another whisky-and-soda. Doctor Wilson is praising Bermuda for its lack of motor cars.

"Speaking of the motor cars of Bermuda," breaks in Mark Twain, "reminds me of the chapter some explorer devoted in his biography to the snakes of Iceland. He said, "There are no snakes in Iceland."

But Woodrow is not to be put off.

"The country roads in the States," he says, "teem with them. They affect my imagination more than the trains do because, among other things, they contain the sort of people I like least—the restless rich, empty-headed people the very sight of whom makes me cynical. . . . They and their kind are the very worst enemies of Princeton. They are creating for me tasks which are likely to wear my life out."

And as Lord Frederic Hamilton solemnly nods his aristocratic head in acquiescence all the gentlemen—or almost all—take a drink. Woodrow Wilson, just to show that he is a good mixer, pours a centimeter of Scotch into his glass, promptly drowning it in a pail of soda, and attacks it with all the avidity of a child taking raw castor oil.

Colonel Frewen introduces the subject of horses and asks Woodrow to ride in the Hunt Club's paper chase, finishing at Inwood. Woodrow makes some sage observation about hobby horses and declines the paper chase, saying he hasn't ridden for so long that he fears to ruin the walls of Bermuda.

"A mere trifle and not to be considered for a moment," cries Colonel Frewen. "We have a regiment here which is wasting away for the want of work. They shall follow you, rebuilding where you lay waste."

But the president of Princeton is firm in his refusal.

BUT I would not have you gather from such a scene that Woodrow Wilson was a prig. Far from that he was, as much as any man I have ever known, himself. He was Woodrow Wilson, first, last, and always. There was nothing of the chameleon in his nature. That, perhaps, was why his enemies hated him with such high-power intensity. He was a statesman, but not a politician. As I know the man, humanity came first in his thoughts, the United States second, and Woodrow Wilson third. His political party was but incidental—a vehicle to carry him to those places where he might best administer his own, not the party's, principles.

It was in Bermuda, and, if I am not mistaken, as a result of my gibing at him a little for his lack of those small social graces which characterized the British, that Woodrow turned on me and said:

"Just what would you have me do—ape those to whom such mannerisms are natural? Recut myself to a pattern which has never been used in all my family history?"

"No," I laughed; "I would have you be loyal to yourself. You take me too seriously."

"Ah, you mention loyalty. I have come to feel that the finest word in the language is loyalty and the finest guide in life is courage. We must get our deepest satisfaction and all our strength out of loyalty and courage. Those two things must make life gallant and true *for us,* whatever happens. To lose heart or loyalty for a moment is to prove recreant and become unhappy."

Those words remained with me through all the years I knew the man. I am sure he meant all that he said about loyalty and courage, but there must have come times when something else intervened—something larger. Scan his life, and you will see *that this must be so.*

---

*How President Wilson's original ideals of ambition and power unconsciously changed with greater experience in public life, and how his lofty views of the character of Congress underwent a like modification, will be narrated by Mrs. Hulbert in the issue of Liberty for February 7.*

*Shoreby, the home of the Hulberts in Bermuda, with Mrs. Mary Allen Hulbert and her son, Allen S. Hulbert, on the front steps.*

*The Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in New York, where Mrs. Hulbert entertained Woodrow Wilson and Lord Fisher at dinner.*

*Are the Days of the Romantic Outlaw Gone? Not While Gerald Chapman Lives. He Is a Greater Menace to Society Than All the Old-Timers Combined; He Plays Hide and Seek with the World for the Sheer Joy of It—And He May Be at Your Elbow Right Now!*

# The JAIL Breaker

## By GEORGE S. DOUGHERTY

FORMER DEPUTY POLICE COMMISSIONER, NEW YORK CITY

Picture by KENNETH CAMP

ANY boob can break into jail, but it requires something special to break out. I have in mind Bill Rudolph, the Missouri Kid; Tom Paliaster, Frank Roehl, Oliver Perry, Reynolds Frosbrey, Clara Phillips, Harvey Logan, and —master of them all—Gerald Chapman.

You hear it said that advancing science is banishing romance from the land. In crime they hark back to the James and Younger boys, Tracy the Outlaw, Alonzo Whiteman, and the like of them. They will tell you that the romantic criminal no longer exists.

To such I reply that in the criminal annals of this country there has been no more picturesque character nor cunning brain than Gerald Chapman's. As I write this Chapman is still at liberty. It is said that he bobbed to the surface from who knows where some time ago, and, with the son of a wealthy family of Springfield, Massachusetts, as his accomplice, blew a safe in New Britain, Connecticut, escaping after shooting a policeman to death. Later it was denied that it was Chapman. Another man, said to resemble Chapman closely, was arrested. But no matter. The important thing here is that Gerald Chapman is still at liberty.

In Chapman we have the complete criminal. Intelligent in his robberies, cunning at jail-breaking, and daring in all things, he is a greater menace to society than all of the old timers combined. He has that which makes the born criminal most dangerous—brains. To him, being hunted is as pleasurably thrilling as a ninety-yard run on the football field or a home run with the bases full is to normal people.

He lurks in cover from the police with all the joy of the boy whose hiding place baffles in I-spy and such games. Without that excitement Gerald Chapman could not survive. His is none of the terror the novelist and the playwright invests his hunted criminal with. He is playing hide and seek with the world, and loves every moment of it.

Knowing that it is entirely possible that he may be captured before this appears in print, I predict that he will be captured committing another crime or because of some bonehead trick he will play. His arrogance will fetch him forth to defy the police, and he will do it just once too often. Or he will fall easy prey to his own conceit. The individual who knows more than anyone else usually comes to grief in this manner.

Let us consider briefly Chapman's recent history. It was on the night of October 24, 1921, that several men stepped in front of a mail truck at Broadway and Leonard Street, a few blocks from Police Headquarters in New York City, and, pointing their guns at the chauffeur and his assistant or guard, coolly selected four of the seventeen pouches of mail —the four which contained valuables.

Sunlight Photo.

*GEORGE S. DOUGHERTY, who wrote this article, is one of America's most successful thief catchers. As deputy police commissioner and chief of detectives in New York City he made a remarkable record, largely through his skill in winning the confidence of criminals and building up a wide acquaintance among them. His most widely known exploit was the solution of New York's famous Rosenthal murder mystery.*

---

Four days before, a single pouch containing a million dollars in negotiable securities was taken from the post office.

The police arrested George Anderson, Charles Loerber, and Gerald Chapman, all of them ex-convicts. Anderson and Loerber looked the part, but Chapman didn't—and doesn't. Probably never will. Anderson and Loerber were as much at the command of Chapman (they referred to him as The Count) as a small child who does the bidding of its favorite parent, or as a private in the old German army leaped at the word of an officer. They recognized his superiority. They were mere mugs; he was the man of brains, the gentleman, their master in daring, courage, and resourcefulness. They represented the hunted type of thug and criminal. Chapman is the rare debonair type—the criminal spirit which Hornung sought to convey to us on paper as Raffles. Only Raffles was a piker compared with Gerald.

At the trial Loerber sullenly blamed it all on Chapman. It was Chapman who studied the schedules of the mail trucks. It was Chapman who had, in some way mystifying to the slow-witted Loerber, learned what the mail pouches contained. It was Chapman who knew when, where, how, and what to strike. And Chapman smiled tolerantly as the clumsy Loerber blabbed.

NOT once was Chapman uncomfortable. Always at ease and almost courteous. Only in his eyes could we see his real nature—deadly and fierce as the king cobra, and as fast. Not a word, not a sign, not a gesture, not a movement in that courtroom escaped him. He knew he was as good as jailed, and I believe that he was thinking of his escape even as he sat there with handcuffs on his wrists and guards at the doors and windows.

He comes of good family, but, such is his mind, he entered crime when a mere kid. He is now about thirty-five years old. He is just over five feet six and weighs no more than one hundred and thirty. A graceful, catlike man, with the air of the gentleman. Indeed, he affects the air of the English gentleman and dresses the part. He affects a monocle, and would have a valet if his habits made it possible for him to live continuously in normal quarters.

Between hues and cries he lives in good hotels, and is quite likely to be the cynosure of female eyes while promenading the lobby. His aliases—G. V. Colwell, Edward Bryce, George Chartres, and C. W. Eldridge, to mention a few of them—are to be found on the registers of our best hotels, and, when not wearing his monocle, he affects tortoise-shell spectacles. He always carries a walking stick. Except when devoting himself to his beloved profession, he never consorts with the criminal class.

Chapman has the graces of the cultured. He is well read and has more than a dilettante's patter when art is the subject of conversation. A few years ago he occupied a studio in Greenwich Village, where, on Sunday afternoons, he was wont to hold rather sprightly salons. Posing as an art critic, he would invite the Village modernists to view his small but intelligently chosen pictures which he had pur-

*He took advantage of a lax moment and stepped out of the window. They were sure that he had plunged to the street below. But no; Chapman had merely cat-walked the cornice.*

chased with money got at the point of the gun.

He would have the prettiest women pouring tea, and until he departed to turn off another job his place bid fair to become a widely known rendezvous for the artistic set. To be sure, this couldn't continue, but while it lasted Chapman, or George Chartres, as he was known, was quite the Village vogue.

And yet this remarkable man has broken all records as a jail smasher. Why, as postal inspectors were talking to him in a room in the New York post office he took advantage of a lax moment and stepped out of the window. They were sure that he had plunged to the street below. But no; Chapman had merely cat-walked the cornice and was found later in an adjoining room.

Terrifically shackled and guarded, Chapman was taken to Atlanta to serve a twenty-five year sentence. Six months later, while in the hospital ward on an upper floor, he deftly made a rope of his bedclothes and departed through the window, taking Frank Gray, a forger, with him. Chapman had short-circuited the electric wires, throwing the prison into darkness. Thus the guards could not see him leave. It is not clear how, but Chapman had communicated with his friends outside, who had left civilian clothes and pistols at a designated place.

THE fugitives needed money. Quickly they stuck up a number of citizens. They forced one of their victims to accompany them a little way. He was known by the neighborhood, and his presence with the pair threw off suspicion. They didn't harm him. When they were well away from the prison, Chapman thanked their victim and told him to run on home. Always the gentleman—or almost always.

But in a cotton field near Athens, Georgia, Chapman came to grief. He and Gray were captured by a sheriff's posse. Gray was hustled back to prison, and there we leave him; but Chapman, with three bullets in him, was taken to the prison ward of the Athens Hospital.

"Ah," said the country, "that is the last of Chapman. He is dying. Well, he led the police quite a chase before they did for him."

A couple of nights later the "dying" Chapman, having obtained the temporarily discarded uniform of one of the guards (just how is not clear), made a wonderful drop ladder of his bedclothes, and, in the momentary absence of the guard of that period, departed via the window.

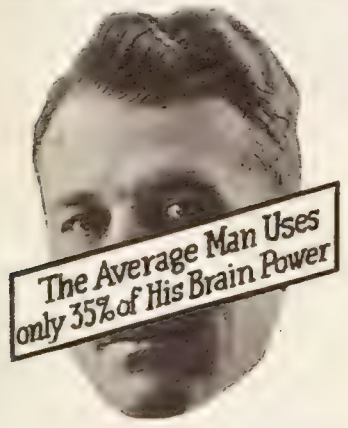
Just what are you going to do with a man like that? Where did he go? Where did he hide? Where could he hide? The police of the nation were looking for him. The nation looked for him; yet his daring, his ingenuity, the bold color of the man fascinated the nation. It resolves itself into a battle between a hundred thousand officers of the law and one small fox of a man, with the civilian population looking on, urged by their better instincts to the side of the police, yet furtively half hoping that the lonely fugitive will continue his defiance. Such is human nature.

Where does he hide? My many years of

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

# The Odds Are 94 to 6 Against You

***Without the Principles of Pelmanism***




| Age | Life Experience of 100 Men Compiled by the American Bankers Association |
|---|---|
| 25 | 100 men, all strong and vigorous, with good mental and physical capacity. |
| 35 | 5 have died, 10 are wealthy, 10 are in fair circumstances, 40 have just moderate means, 35 have saved nothing. |
| 45 | 16 have died, 3 are wealthy, 65 are barely self-supporting, 16 are no longer self-supporting. |
| 55 | 30 have died, 1 is very wealthy, 8 are self-supporting, 61 are dependent upon children, relatives or charity for support. |
| 75 | 63 are dead (60 of these left no estate), 3 are wealthy, 34 are dependent on children, relatives or charity for support. |

**94 of the original 100 "average men" died penniless**

94 failed—and why? One was the harassed department head who did not have enough initiative to make the vital decision at the important moment. Another was the salesman who never acquired enough self-confidence or forcefulness to land an important customer or a big job. Whatever his occupation, each one had his little defect which handicapped him in the race for success and kept him from reaching the goal. 6 succeeded—and why? They practiced the principles of PELMANISM. Possibly they did not call it Pelmanism. But the principles of Pelmanism are the principles of success.

## Let Science Overcome Your Faults

Whatever it is that keeps you from winning the success that your abilities merit, do not collapse into your corner, and throw up the sponge. A fault in the mind can be cured just as surely as a sickness of the body. Here is something definite and practical that **you** can do. Call in a great force to your assistance. The name of this force is PELMANISM.

Pelmanism is the science of applied psychology. Everything that the greatest research workers have discovered about the workings of the human mind is now laid before you. The secrets of the university laboratories are brought within your reach. Pelmanism teaches you how to correct and overcome mental habits and faults of character which have been holding you back all your life. It is excessively simple, yet the results are astounding.

**A few of the thousands of letters from successful students:**

"From a salary of $975 I rose in one step to $2,000 a year, and in January this year to $4,000 a year."

"I am glad to inform you that I have just received an increase in salary amounting to $1,000 a year extra."

"I had the pleasure of taking the course during 1917-18. Previous to my joining the army my salary was $20 a week. My present salary is $10,000 a year."

**Take the Initiative NOW**

Here is a big opportunity. Prove to yourself that you are capable of recognizing a real chance. Take the initiative that 600,000 other men and women have taken and fill out the coupon. It will bring you your copy of "Scientific Mind Training." This informing and vitally interesting book costs you absolutely nothing. It obligates you to nothing. BUT it may mean the turning point of your life. Don't procrastinate and then forget—those are defects that you wish to cure. Remember the odds are 94 to 6 against you—but with Pelmanism backing you, they will be 94 to 6 in your favor. FILL OUT THE COUPON NOW.

**The Pelman Institute of America**
**2575 Broadway Suite 1381 New York City**

*Approved as a correspondence school under the laws of the State of New York*

THE PELMAN INSTITUTE OF AMERICA
Suite 1381, 2575 Broadway, New York City

Please send me without cost or obligation on my part a copy of the 64-page book, "Scientific Mind Training."

Name .....

Street .....

City..... State.....


[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-FIVE]

experience in detective work tell me that he is not cowering in any dark corner—not Chapman. The safest place for him is the open. Look out of your office or home windows. Perhaps there is a building being erected across the street, or maybe a taxicab or a long line of them passes. Or in some relatively humble position in an adjoining or near-by office there is a new man doing efficient work.

Behold those workmen, those chauffeurs, that new clerk. Perhaps you see Gerald Chapman. That is his sort. He knows, as I know, that it is in the open that he is safest until he resolves to strike again. And he will strike. The vanity of his class is almost unbelievable and not quite understandable. Life offers Chapman no greater thrill than the one he is now experiencing. He would rather outwit the authorities than make a great haul. He cannot live without these thrills, any more than the hopless drug addict can exist without his dope.

Of course, his photograph has been broadcast. It hangs publicly in the rogues' galleries of all the police stations and detective bureaus, the post offices and corner stores of America, but I don't think this disconcerts him.

For that matter, I have no great faith in the efficacy of such branches of the hue and cry. It is so easy for a man to change his appearance. A mustache will do it, a different way of wearing the hair, a pair of spectacles. And besides, the vast majority of citizens cannot, after viewing the photograph, pick out the subject on the street.

THE Missouri Kid (Bill Rudolph) was daring, but his mental equipment was not to be compared with Chapman's. The Kid was a son of the Ozarks, a wiry, wicked lad, who worked like lightning—striking quickly and expertly and making his getaways just as rapidly. Safeblowing was his favorite occupation, although, lacking the safe, he would cheerfully turn his hand to highway robberies. The West and Southwest knew him best, and his favorite co-worker was a thug, George Collins, or Black Frank.

The climax in his life came when he robbed a Missouri bank of more than one hundred thousand dollars and found his exit barred by an officer of the law—in this case a Pinkerton detective, Charles J. Schumacher. Without ado the Kid shot Schumacher to death and was gone. Black Frank was with him on this expedition, and for many days the search was fruitless. And then the arrogance, the conceit, the vanity of the hitherto victorious Kid betrayed him.

We received word from Hartford, Connecticut, that the Kid was in a house in Hartford's red-light district, lording it over the neighborhood and celebrating his freedom. The police? Catch him? Not a chance. He would kill the first cop to show his head, and then get away while others were wondering what happened. And at his heels was his Sancho Panza—Black Frank—dully doing his master's bidding.

We got them. I went to Hartford, and, accompanied by Garrett Farrell and John Butler of the Hartford detectives, we faced the Kid and Black Frank in the parlor of the house. The fight was short, sweet, but bloodless. We took them to St. Louis, where they were locked up, charged with murder, in the famous Four Courts Prison. It was not intended that they should escape. They were thrown into isolated cells from which there never had been an escape.

## SCIENCE CURES BROKEN HEARTS

*One of the strangest human documents ever written appears in next week's Liberty. It is the story of a woman who was rejected by the man she loved and turned to science for help. How she went to a psycho-analyst, and how this practitioner of a new art delved patiently for months into her ancestry and habits and thoughts and dreams, bringing both consolation and an unexpected danger, makes a curious and fascinating narrative. The remarkable confession is entitled*

## The Woman Who Was Psycho-Analyzed

Several months later, near the time he was to go on trial, the Kid left the Four Courts Prison by way of a skylight. He ran across the roof, balanced himself on the coping, and jumped sixty feet to the ground. Hurt? Not at all. The man was a bundle of steel springs. He was outside the prison wall. There was a bicycle near by. The Kid was off like a flash.

Six months, and no echo of the Kid. Black Frank had been left behind, and, he, resentful, told us everything he could. But the Kid was gone. A thousand detectives sought him, but there was not even a hint. And then the old vanity, the top-heavy pride, got to work. To New York there came a sheaf of photographs from Kansas City, Kansas—photographs of men who had been convicted of crimes and were then serving time in the State prison in Kansas.

I looked them over in the Pinkerton office. Half way through I came upon the newest likeness of the Missouri Kid. He was in prison, sentenced to ten years for a very recent burglary. And, mind you, he was in a Kansas prison for burglary, while wanted in the adjoining State, Missouri, for murder. More, he had committed his latest burglary just across the river from Missouri. The Kid didn't believe that it was in Fate's book that he should be caught.

They hanged him. Vanity did it. Probably he would have been caught anyway, but had he forsworn his profession after his escape from Four Courts and gone to farming, or railroading, or to sea, he would have lived longer.

THEN there was Tim Hogan. Tim should never have turned to anything as delicate as forgery. He was one of those Corcoran's Roost boys from around Second Avenue and Fortieth Street, New York. Willing enough, but rough. A bit of clumsy penwork brought Tim to grief, and he was sent to prison in Columbus, Ohio.

Tim was assigned to work in the prison's cigar factory—the shipping department, to be exact. One day a cigar crate went out, but instead of smokes the big box contained Tim. However, we leave him with these few words, because Tim is not to be considered in the same class with Gerald Chapman. We caught him soon, and took him back to jail.

For a great many years it was popularly supposed that escape from Sing Sing's cells for the condemned was impossible. Yet thirty years ago Tom Paliaster and Frank Roehl did it. They were almost on the eve of execution when they left the cell block via the skylight, scaled the wall, and took to the river, intending to swim to safety. A month later the Hudson River gave them up. They died in the water.

And it was about that time that the State of New York was being entertained by an extraordinary train robber, who apparently was as much at home on the roof of a fast express as you and I are with our feet on the floors of our homes. He was Oliver Curtis Perry, and it was his pleasure to fasten a rope to the top of the car, and, while the train was in motion, let himself down over the side of the car, kick in a window, enter, and thereupon clean out the train from the conductor to the mail clerk. Then he would take the locomotive, uncouple it from the train, and force the engineer to carry him far away from the scene of the robbery.

He was caught and sentenced to forty-nine years in Auburn Prison. He stayed there a few weeks and departed. Nothing more mysterious than his escape could be imagined. Just went. He manifested every symptom of progressive insanity, but the insane criminal is all the more cunning. He was caught in Hoboken, but never returned to Auburn. Instead, he was given to the Matteawan Hospital for the Criminal Insane. Obviously he didn't like that either, for he left that institution after a few days. Caught again, he was

taken back to Matteawan, where, in a frenzy, he destroyed his eyesight with a needle.

While I was in charge of the detective division of the New York police there was brought before me one of our most extraordinary criminals, Reynolds Forsbrey. This rather nice-looking chap was a drug fiend, and was accused of three murders and at least one assault with intent to kill. A choice character. Tapping sticks of dynamite with a tack hammer was relatively safe employment compared with trifling with this lad. We locked him up in the Tombs to begin with; but alas! he had a sweetheart, who was not only loyal but ingenious.

SHE brought him food delicacies, which, although thoroughly inspected before given to him, contained a small file. And Forsbrey filed the bars of a window and leaped to the pavement and temporary freedom.

We traced the girl, but didn't arrest her. Better to let her alone, and hope Forsbrey would return to her. He did. Mine has been a life of thrills, but few of them were more nerve wracking than that fight in the dark in the flat the night we closed in on it and Forsbrey. We properly surrounded the place, and then Lieutenant Dominic Reilly, another detective, and myself went to the door. We rang the bell. No answer. We rang again.

"Who's there?" demanded the girl.

We kept quiet and rang again.

"Who's there?" she repeated.

Still we did not reply. A long wait, and then, very slowly and very cautiously, the door opened an inch or so. That was enough. I put my large foot in the opening, and big Dominic threw his mighty shoulder against the door. I go thus into detail in this case because it might be well for you to consider what hunting the escaped criminal means.

The girl screamed once and then ran. We heard no more from her. The place was pitch black and we did not dare strike a light. Somewhere in those rooms was a man who had nothing to lose by killing one more or two more men. A man who had something to gain by shooting his way clear. It was ridiculous to imagine that he was not armed. And, to add to this, he was probably highly charged with cocaine, which meant that any compunctions about killing he might have had when normal were gone now. But we were inside now. Maybe a room's length or even a stride away from the man we wanted. And the girl had vanished in the darkness and was quiet. Would she, too, open fire on us? Forsbrey was not going to waste shots. He was not going to betray his location with the fire of his gun. We sidled down the hall with our backs to the wall. Forsbrey couldn't get out; we had too many men outside for that.

"Come on, Forsbrey," I thought. "This is the showdown."

*The New York police department's rogues' gallery pictures of Gerald Chapman, taken without the monocle which he usually affects.*

*Poster issued by the Federal authorities after Chapman and Anderson had escaped from the Atlanta penitentiary.*



*Police portraits of George Anderson, who was sentenced with Gerald Chapman for holdup of a New York mail truck, and later duplicated Chapman's feat of escaping from the penitentiary at Atlanta.*

And then I heard a man stumble and curse. Reilly. A crash, but no pistol shot. Somebody striking something soft. Reilly had found him—stumbled over him—in the bedroom. Forsbrey was under the bed. But his feet had projected. We worked fast and Forsbrey was ours without a shot.

The court sent him to the American Siberia—Dannemora—for life. Twice he eluded the guards and got away, but, as I have said, they call Dannembra the American Siberia. The prison is located in a wide barren. A desolate, unproductive country it is, running off into unfriendly hills. A man might starve to death there. Forsbrey was caught both times before he had got to the better lands outside. Perhaps that broke his spirit, for he is still there and there he probably will die.

AND finally there was Kid Curry (Harvey Logan), one of this country's most industrious train robbers. Captured, he was sentenced to twenty-five years in the Knoxville, Tennessee, jail, from which he promptly escaped. He is supposed to be in Argentina and reputedly wealthy from cattle dealing.

Logan was the boss of the famous Wild Bunch, a collection of such desperadoes as Black Jack Ketcham, Butch Cassidy, Harry Longbough, and so on. They had the distinction of having a woman coöperator, one Etta Place. All of them that survive are supposedly living in Argentina on a table land commanding a view of fifty miles in all directions. Nobody has seriously considered capturing them and taking their stronghold. Perhaps it is just as well.

My latest information about them has it that they have committed numerous robberies in Chile and Patagonia. At any rate, no more desperate cutthroats ever came to my attention.

But, let me repeat, Gerald Chapman is the king of the lot of them. Let him gather such satisfaction as he may from that compliment. But just as certain as he has been caught before he will be caught again. And I stick to my prophecy—that he will be caught in the act of committing another crime or as the result of committing one. It never fails.

THE END

# MAD ANTHONY

## By CLIFFORD RAYMOND

## *The* Flight *from* Eden

*In Which Young Anthony, Inspired by His Familiar Counselor from the Past, Faces a Crisis and Puts an End to the Match-Making Plans of His Mother*

*Anthony was a p*

LEADING CHARACTERS *in the* SERIES:

*ANTHONY WAYNE, a youth attending the college in his home town, the son of middle-class parents, rather small for his age, of a retiring disposition, not inclined to excessive friendships, who found a source of comfort and inspiration in the counsel of the shade of General Mad Anthony Wayne, of Revolutionary fame.*

*GENERAL MAD ANTHONY WAYNE, whose spirit appeared to young Anthony at critical times in his life, giving good advice and encouragement, which spurred Anthony to assert himself and extend himself beyond the limits imposed by his diffident and reserved disposition. In his apparitions, Mad Anthony invariably was accompanied by his orderly and friend, Corporal Trim.*

*AGNES HOLT, a charming girl, daughter of wealthy neighbors of the Waynes, educated mostly in Paris, who entered young Anthony's life in a romantic manner, and resulted in Anthony making a formal proposal for Agnes' hand, a move prompted largely by the boy's sense of honor and duty. This secret Anthony did not share with his parents.*

*THE REVEREND DOCTOR ABOR, president of the college, a resolute man, feared as well as beloved by the students, and revered by their elders.*

ANTHONY, as a sophomore at the end of the college year, sat waiting for the commencement exercises to begin. He was under an oak and far from the platform, reasonably sure that no one would disturb him.

The platform under the oaks had, as yet, only empty chairs. The congregation of relatives, friends, and townspeople had gathered in the closely massed semi-circle of chairs. There was a flutter of ceremonial color and a hum of subdued voices.

Beyond Anthony, at one side of the leafy quadrangle, was the chapel. The seniors were in there. It thrilled Anthony to think of it as a vigil. It was a ceremony which had become a tradition in the thirty years of Doctor Abor's presidency. For an hour before the seniors marched to the platform on their last college day they were in chapel in their gowns and, if they would be, in prayer.

No one but Doctor Abor and the organist had ever seen the seniors in this ceremony, and he and the organist had lived to see thirty classes of young men march out. Doctor Abor talked to them. This most Gothic educator, a Lutheran rock of God, had the reflected majesty of the realm he served. As the hour of communion came to an end the organist pulled his stops and filled his pipes with wind.

Anthony, sitting under the oak, knew that the vigil of the *toga virilis* was coming to an end. In a triumphant burst of sound there came from the chapel first in organ tones and then with fifty young male voices added, the great peal of A Mighty Fortress Is Our God.

Anthony, although thrilled and quivering with his visions and under his impressions, was sad. Now a sophomore, then a junior, and at last a senior he would sit in the chapel. It was the death of one life and the birth of another. Which was the better?

The doors of the chapel were opened and Doctor Abor marched out at the head of his seniors. He was a man of responsibility accounted for so far as he was able. The sound of the mighty hymn followed the march.

Anthony tingled in nervous thrills and his sight was blurred. It was a march of chosen men. The leafy quad of light and shade, the old Druidic trees, the platform, black now with Doctor Abor's newest black-gowned brood, the emnly expectant faces in the massed semi-ci all were obscured for Anthony in mists.

THROUGH these mists, just as the orga closed his stops, came Mad Anthony and s by Anthony. So, thought Anthony, he was from Italy, where he had gone to see a y lieutenant of artillery who had arisen to ch a bridge at Lodi and begin a career.

"I did not like him," said Mad Anthony, swering Anthony's eyes. "He made the pr sion pompous, vain, vile, and useless. We ar playthings of a child."

He was silent as the exercises of Hail and F well began. Presently he said:

"That was a noble hymn. I had a captain sang it. He was killed at Stony Point. I be Gustavus' troops sang it in Germany. The s of young men always affects me. They can c much with courage. Remember that, Antho

Gen. Anthony Wayne, as if affected by his

*blur, but he heard himself saying: "I'm engaged to be married."*

*Fifth of a Series of Short Stories, Each Complete in Itself, with a Boy Hero Whose Guide, Philosopher, and Friend Is the Gallant Shade of the Brave Mad Anthony Wayne*

Pictures by
W. B. KING

flections, bowed to Anthony and moved on into e mists. Anthony closed his eyes. Then he ened them.

"Hullo, Anthony," said Agnes. "I've been oking around for you. It took some time. I d want to see you. I might have known you'd out somewhere like this."

She was very pretty, Anthony thought; and, tter than that, square, honest, and brave. But e could not help being a terrible embarrass- ent. She had been lovely and embarrassing om the first moment he had seen her and now force of circumstance he was engaged to her d he thought her brave and lovely and he ished in his heart of hearts he never had seen r.

This was so unfair that he felt ashamed.

"I'm going away, Anthony," said Agnes. Mother and father have decided that I must go ck to Paris for nearly two years."

"Well," said Anthony. "Why?"

"They don't say the real why," said Agnes, "but I know. They say that I need more of that education. But, Anthony, they want to test us."

An earnest, black-gowned young man was speaking at the front of the platform.

"Well," said Anthony, "we can wait and maybe they're right."

"You don't care, Anthony?"

"Well, we want to do the right thing, don't we? And if we can't wait until we know we're doing the right thing—well, are we doing it?"

Agnes looked at the ground.

"Anyway," she said, "I'm going away tomorrow. So maybe this is good-by."

"Good-by, Agnes," said Anthony, getting up. "And I hope you have a real good time."

"Aren't you just a little bit sorry I have to go, Anthony?" she asked, looking steadily at him.

"Of course, I'm sorry, Agnes," he said; "but it will all come out all right."

"Good-by, Anthony," she said abruptly, offering her hand. "I'll write every week, once at least, twice maybe."

"Good-by, Agnes," said Anthony. "I hope you have an awful good time."

She ran away quickly. Anthony sat down again under the oak. For a moment he had a strange disquiet, but then the valedictorian stepped forward on the platform and collected his phrases and his gestures before he launched them and Anthony in his isolated distance heard:

"Over the Alps lies Italy."

Vacation went slowly for Anthony, and except that he could read a great deal he wasn't very happy in it.

PARTICULARLY in the evening he was conscious of his isolation from the life of the young people he knew about him. Then the sounds which came from popular porches back on the wooded lawns indicated that the world was gay except for himself.

"It's nice to have you home, Anthony," his mother said, "but I think you ought to go out more. You ought to go with the other young people. I don't know why you wouldn't join the tennis club when Julia Wilbur asked you to. I passed their place the other day while they were playing and they seemed to be having such a good time."

"I didn't care to," said Anthony.

His mother looked at him as if she wished she had some way of persuading him, but had to defer it to another time.

He drew a book every two or three days from the library.

"Did you ever read Kipling, Anthony?" Miss Alston, the librarian, asked him. "We have just got him in."

She gave him Soldiers Three.

That opened a new life.

Letters came from Agnes in Paris, one a week at least and sometimes two. They embarrassed Anthony. He was fond of Agnes. She was a nice little girl. It was true they were engaged. Maybe it was truer to say they were engaged to be engaged later.

Doctor Holt, Agnes' father, who lived in a wheel chair because of poor legs, had said "later, Anthony," and that had been altogether satisfactory to Anthony, who only wanted to protect Agnes from the consequences of her trying to rescue him out of the college library the night he fell asleep at the Socratan party, the night

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-NINE]

they caught the burglar. The engagement had been well enough. It had bridged that situation. It had given Anthony a sense of maturity. He was protected from girls. He was out of the summer porch and mandolin stage. He wasn't running around with his ears flapping. The embarrassment was the letters. They caused comment at home.

"That's ten letters you've had from Agnes," said his mother, as another one came. "Ten in six weeks. This one seems to have a different postmark. How do the French know how to send them to you when it's all there in English?"

"All they've got to know is where the U. S. A. is," said Anthony, smiling. "I guess they know that."

"It's strange Agnes writes so much to you," said his mother. "Maybe she's learning to be a good correspondent, but whatever can she write about all the time? Of course she can always tell you what she sees. But I don't see you writing letters. Don't you answer them?"

"I've written," said Anthony, uneasily. He had—once.

"You ought to," said his mother. "You mustn't be rude. Agnes is a nice little girl and if she writes to you, you must write back."

"Yes," said Anthony.

They were sensible letters, Anthony admitted. They were affectionate, but nothing that could make him squeamish. They had an assured tone of an established companionship, but the fact that they came was an embarrassing consequence of being engaged. Of course his parents did not know that. Nobody but the Holts knew it.

Several days later, as Anthony was reading Plain Tales from the Hills he heard his mother say to his father:

"Em has written, saying she'll be glad to come. Hortense will come with her, but she will go on East for two weeks and will be here several days before they go home."

"Don't you think our home and circumstances are a bit modest for a woman of Mrs. Sterner's way of living?" his father asked.

"Oh, nonsense," said Mrs. Wayne. "Em's my oldest friend. Money never made any difference to her. There are the two spare rooms. She and Hortense will be perfectly comfortable."

"The mother may not have changed," said his father, "but you don't know anything of the daughter. How old is she?"

"Just a year younger than Anthony. She's a perfectly lovely girl. Her mother says she always has been."

Mr. Wayne laughed.

"I wouldn't want any better evidence," he said.

ORDINARILY Mr. Kipling was the Magic Carpet for Anthony and his mother might speak to him twice before he heard her, but this mention of Em and Hortense, of an old friend and a lovely daughter and a visit, stopped the carpet and he dropped out of Simla and landed on his front porch. He could feel his ears grow big with the import of this news.

"You needn't laugh," said his mother. "Why shouldn't Hortense be a lovely girl? Her mother was and Frank is a fine man."

"I've no doubt she is," said his father, "and all I could wish for humanity is that all mothers' judgments were the truth. When are they coming?"

"Em says they can come Tuesday. Hortense will go on that evening and be back in ten days or two weeks. I'm really sorry Hortense can't stay all the time. Em and I both have hoped that Hortense and Anthony would get interested in each other."

Anthony started from his chair.

"That's our little secret of this visit. It's something we thought of when we were at Doctor Brown's Female Seminary together—that is, if one of us ever had a son and the other a daughter. Em's just the same, even if she has done so well. Of course, you know, Conrad, I wouldn't trade with her for a minute, and there isn't a spark of envy or disappointment in me, but what I mean is that money does change some people."

Anthony, straight and rigid on the porch, stared out into space. His mother talked on and paralysis tightened on him.

"It's getting time when Anthony waked up. He never pays any attention to girls except be nice to little Agnes Holt when she's home. If he got to like Hortense and she got interested in him, it would be such a splendid thing for him."

"You mean you want him to marry a bank account," said his father, teasingly.

"No such thing, Conrad," said his mother, indignantly. "I'd feel just the same if we had the money and if Em didn't. That doesn't matter at all. Of course, the money won't do any harm if they begin with liking each other."

"Maybe not," said his father, "although he'll be better if he gets his own, but if you're chasing dollars, why don't you cultivate his liking for Agnes Holt?"

ANTHONY came out of his trance with a jerk. He tiptoed off the porch. He reached the street. He did not have his hat, but he didn't care. He walked out to his old stockaded fort on the hilltop in the open country. It had often been a refuge, a place of visions, comfort, and inspiration, but nothing now came to him.

This was a warm and pulsing mid-August afternoon with wheat fields in stubble and the drone of a thrasher by the red barn in the distance. The lean-faced Continentals with their shimmer of steel in the mists would not come into the sunny comfort and security of the place now. Mad Anthony and they required a cold gray day with danger at the horizon or near in the covert.

Mad Anthony could not help Anthony in this catastrophe. His mother had formed a conspiracy against him. Nothing Anthony could recall had been so dreadful as this was in prospect. He was betrayed in his own home. Other troubles had been outside. This was in the citadel itself. He was terrified and helpless. What could he do with that girl in the house, he knowing his mother's intentions?

When he went home to supper he looked at his mother with curiosity. She was tender and kind to him, smiled and asked him questions. He couldn't believe it of her. She seemed so innocent. With all his love for her he had half a notion to charge her with duplicity and show her how she had hurt him by it. He didn't. He ate his supper in silence until his mother gave him some cake. Then he said:

"I think I'll go camping tomorrow for a couple of weeks."

"You'll do what?" his mother asked.

"That's sudden, isn't it, Anthony?" his father asked. "Where and who's going with you?"

"I don't know yet," said Anthony. "I thought I'd ask some of the boys tonight and go out to Mulberry Run. There's some good bullhead holes there."

"You'll do nothing of the kind," said his mother. He looked at her. The idea had come to him suddenly. It was a foolish one.

"We're having some guests Tuesday," said his mother.

Anthony said nothing. That seemed to provoke his mother.

"Don't you want to know who?" she asked.

"No, mother," said Anthony.

"Very well, then. You can wait and see."

"If I may be excused," said Anthony, "I think I'll go out for a while."

"You're excused, Anthony," said his father quickly before his mother could speak. "Don't be gone too long."

"No, sir," said Anthony.

"There you see," he heard his mother saying as he went out, "it's time something was being done. He's so queer it isn't natural."

HIS mother was right, more so than she knew. It was time something was being done. It was time all right. But what? He walked about as it drew dusk, avoiding the strollers under the trees as much as possible, and after a while, when it was dark, stopped outside the Holt residence and sat down on an iron railing. He couldn't think. It was hopeless.

There were lights on the big side veranda across the way, screened by shrubbery. Otherwise the house was much darker than usual. The katydids sang in the trees overhead, "Six weeks to frost." It had always been portent of a crisp, zestful, happy time, but now—— Someone was in the shadow near him. He turned. It was Mad Anthony looking at him severely. He stood and he looked at Anthony, but he did not say anything and presently he hit the ground impatiently with his cane and walked on. Anthony knew he had been rebuked and he tingled, but he was puzzled. Something must be so apparent that Mad Anthony would not even speak of it. Then of a sudden it was apparent and Anthony walked across the street, up to Doctor Holt's front door and rang the bell.

"May I see Doctor Holt?" he asked the maid.

"I'll speak to him," she said. "Come in, Mr. Wayne."

That was the only spot in which he was Mr. Wayne, a spot of uneasy maturity. She came back smiling and ushered him to the side veranda.

"Well, Anthony," said Doctor Holt, "this is kind of you."

He was in a great wicker chair and had been reading. The Great Dane lay at his feet and only blinked. One of the Persian cats lay in his lap. Another was under the reading lamp on the table by his side. There were great clusters of cut flowers and the odor of Nicotiana came in with a soft breeze.

"Sit down, Anthony," said Doctor Holt. "I sent Mrs. Holt and Stella away today to the seashore and I'm lonesome. I made them go. It is not good for young people to be confined with an invalid, but I'm lonesome just the same. You haven't been to see me. Agnes tells me in her letters that she writes you."

"Agnes has been very nice," said Anthony. "I guess I haven't been."

"Men are poor letter writers," said Doctor Holt, smiling, "but I know she'd like to have a friendly letter from you now and then."

"I meant all the time to write," said Anthony. "I will tomorrow."

"She will be gone at least a year," said Doctor Holt, "and it may be longer. I think we'll send Stella over to visit with her."

"I came to see you about Agnes," said Anthony.

"Yes?"

"You see, when Agnes and I were engaged

*As he looked out into the shadows he saw Mad Anthony. His blue coat was torn and soiled. His hat had a hole in it.*

your mother and father would want to know more. If they do, maybe you ought to tell them more and tell them everything."

"I think that will be enough," said Anthony. "I don't think it would be right, just now, or whatever it was, you said 'later.'"

"Of course, Anthony, if you were both of the same mind when you were older."

"That was it, of course, and of course I'm of the same mind, but I haven't said anything about it."

"No, probably one wouldn't."

Anthony hesitated.

"That's the way it seemed to me," he said, as if explaining himself was difficult. "I didn't say anything at home. It didn't seem to be the time."

"I think you were considerate, Anthony."

"But now," said Anthony, and gulped, "I was wondering if I might say at home that I was engaged, if it ever seemed necessary. I wouldn't ask to say to whom. That would not seem just right to Agnes or to you, but if it would be all right for me to say that I was engaged, if it seemed to be the thing to do—it might sometime seem to be the thing to do."

"I think anything you think is the thing to do will be quite right, Anthony. Possibly to say any more. It wouldn't be fair to Agnes."

"Anthony," said Doctor Holt, "I am sure that whatever you do will be right."

"Thank you," said Anthony, rising. "I hope you will be very well while Mrs. Holt is away."

"Good night, Anthony. Come and see me again soon."

Anthony was relieved. He could look Mad Anthony in the eyes now. As he walked home a coach passed him. In it were Mad Anthony and General Washington. Mad Anthony smiled at him and waved his hand in greeting.

TUESDAY came and as the hour of the expected arrival drew near Anthony took a basket and went into the garden to pick greengage plums. That was only trifling with fate, he knew, but up in the tree he had a momentary sense of sanctuary and happiness.

Presently he heard a carriage come to a stop at his curb and he set his teeth. His hour of trial had begun. He could hear the loud cries of women in reunion and a continuous chatter with high spots of shrill laughter. Anthony at other times had seen old friends of his mother, long separated, meet and clutch. He knew the affectionate scene, but none before had been oppressive with special import for him. He reproached life and continued to pick greengage plums. Then his mother called him:

"Anthon-ee! Oh, Anthon-ee!"

Anthony came down out of the tree with far more dread than his tree ancestors had when they came down. He was about to be frightfully awkward and he knew if he said anything it would be some rare curiosity of social interchange in the English language.

"This is Anthony, Em," said his mother, beaming.

"My, would you believe it!" exclaimed a spacious female phenomenon. "I know you're too old to kiss, Anthony, and I'll not embarrass you by doing it. I'll bet your mother's proud of you."

MRS. STERNER was ample. Her weight, at a guess, was two hundred and twenty. Her taste was luxuriant. Brooches and diamond bars heaved and tossed on her as she moved. She had blue eyes which smiled and declared a cheerful and good-natured person.

"This is Hortense, Anthony," said Mrs. Sterner.

"How do you do," said Anthony to a summer dress and a broad-brimmed hat. A rather pretty face, he thought, altogether a get-up something different from the girls of the neighborhood, but not the unconscious class of Stella or Agnes Holt. She smiled and held out her hand. Anthony nearly missed it, but saved the gesture by getting hold of her thumb. Then he stepped back, blushing. Adam's apple was choking him.

"I declare, Hortense is quite as tall as Anthony," said his mother. "Stand back to back, children."

Anthony, with the eyes of a doomed bullock, looked at his mother.

"Don't embarrass Anthony," said Mrs. Sterner.

Anthony thought he would like her.

"He must get over being embarrassed," said his mother. "At times he's just too queer for words. He's a good boy, but there are times when I can't make him out."

Anthony was a fish in an aquarium.

"But you and Hortense will be wanting to

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-ONE]

go to your rooms. Georgia Harlow will be over any minute. She said she couldn't wait to see you."

Hortense gave Anthony a little smile as she followed the mothers into the house. He took his hat and the opportunity and fled. No one had told him to stay at home. He couldn't be blamed if he didn't. He went out into the country and passed the afternoon sitting under a butternut tree on a hill and watching a threshing crew down in the valley. He did not go home until supper time.

His mother had opportunity for only a few provoked words with him in private.

"This was rude, Anthony," she said. "Hortense goes away in the morning."

Maybe it was. Anthony was sorry. But it couldn't be helped. He was bound to be miserable whatever he did. And wrong. This supper was an unnatural event. He heard talk, but at times floated out of hearing.

"Hortense will go back to Wellesley in the fall—we thought some of sending her to the State University—I like Wellesley so much—but if she went to the State University we could see so much more of her. But mother, there's no comparison—she likes the football games—it's wonderful to see Yale and Harvard—Anthony plays football—Oh, do these small colleges play—Anthony wins the games—Mother, I wouldn't embarrass Anthony—Oh, Anthony, do you—Yes, Sally lost all her teeth—Well, thank goodness I've got mine—I wish Frank could have come—Myrt's husband died last spring—pneumonia—two small children."

ANTHONY floated in and out, now conscious, now unconscious. He was just floating in as he heard Mrs. Sterner say:

"My, that was a good dinner, Martha. You haven't forgotten how to cook."

"I'm afraid I've never been able to allow her to," said his father.

"Now," said his mother briskly, "Anthony will take Hortense out for a walk. And, Anthony, call at the Wilburs and have Hortense meet Julia and John. That will be a start at acquaintance when she comes back."

Anthony's hour of twelve had struck. He was trembling.

"I can't," he said.

"What's that, Anthony?" his mother asked, as if she had not heard him.

"I'm engaged," he said. "It wouldn't be right. So I had to tell you. It wouldn't be honorable."

His mother looked at him as if he had taken leave of his senses.

"You're engaged to do what?" she asked.

Anthony was a part of a blue blur, but he heard himself saying:

"I'm engaged to be married."

"Well! well! Anthony!" he heard Mrs. Sterner exclaim out of a gust of her hearty laughter, "and no one knew it!"

"Congratulations, Anthony," said Hortense.

HERE was a situation, Anthony thought feebly, but whatever came of it he couldn't help it. For one wretched instant he wondered if he wouldn't have done better to tell his mother privately that this conspiracy to get him married to Hortense wouldn't work at all because he was engaged, but if there were any excuse it was that a panic and clear thinking do not always go together.

Wait till his mother collected her wits and something would happen. It was probably one of the worst dilemmas his mother's wits ever encountered. He was glad Mrs. Sterner was such a cheery person. She couldn't have been very deep in the conspiracy. Something would break in another instant. He braced himself.

Just then there was a call of "yoo-hoo" from the front lawn. The Wilburs had come to call, with Julia and John. The situation broke down. It dissolved and evaporated—for the time.

Anthony sat out the evening at the far end of the porch. The young people and their elders were chatty and lively in two groups, but Anthony had companionship with the katydids. The consequences were to come.

Their flow began when the visitors had gone home and Mrs. Sterner and Hortense had gone upstairs.

"Now, Anthony," said his mother in a low voice, "you may tell us what you meant by that absurd scene."

"Well, mother, I'm engaged," he said, "and I thought I ought to say so."

"Engaged, nonsense! Who to? When? You're outrageous. I never heard of anything so crazy. Who's the crazy girl, if there is one?"

"I can't say."

"Wait a minute, mother," said his father. "Are you serious, Anthony?"

"Yes, sir."

"Just a minute, mother. We'll go at this quietly. Anthony and I will take a little walk. Come, Anthony."

Mrs. Wayne waited their return. In a half hour they were back. Mr. Wayne did not seem unduly perturbed.

"That's all right, Anthony," he said. "Be as quiet as you can in going to bed."

"Well?" his mother asked.

"He says he is honor bound not to name the girl and thought he was honor bound to tell us under the circumstances what he did."

"Conrad!" his mother exclaimed.

Anthony, going upstairs, could hear her.

"He assures me he isn't contemplating anything that would distress us or anything at all. We can trust him. I don't understand, but I know that."

"I declare!" said his mother. "My stars! This explains it. If he isn't talking nonsense, it's Agnes Holt. It's my duty to see Doctor Holt and I shall."

Anthony closed his door. Well, that would be all right. He couldn't explain, but Doctor Holt could, and they'd know there wasn't anything mushy or silly about it. He wasn't moony. Neither was Agnes.

IT might come out all right. He had done just what he thought he ought to do, but life presented too many situations to him, too many complications of details and emotions.

He sat down on the floor at his open window and looked out into the moonlight and shadows of the night.

A war would be simpler than this—man's work, a relief from things he didn't know how to do. It would be better, a serious thing, but what he liked and needed were serious things.

As he looked out into the shadows he saw Mad Anthony. He wasn't as he always had been before, either in broadcloth and silk or in immaculate uniform. His blue coat was torn and soiled. His hat had a hole in it.

Behind him was the old, familiar mist of lean faces and the shimmer of steel. Beside him stood a small drummer who raised his sticks.

"And the drum
Said come.
You must do that sum to prove it,
Said the answering Yankee drum."

---

*That ever-guiding star of Anthony*—DUTY—*took the youth from home and college campus and caused him to enlist in the army, fight for his flag and country, and win honor on the field of battle—stirring incidents which are told in the next installment, to appear in an early issue, called Baptism of Fire.*

# BRIGHT SAYINGS *of* CHILDREN

**This weekly will pay $5 for every published letter. Address Bright Sayings Editor, Liberty, Tribune Square, Chicago**

*Mistakes Will Happen*

Leslie came home one warm day with suspiciously clean face and his hair was damp. He had been forbidden to go swimming at the new natatorium and now stood sorrowfully at his mother's knee.

"Leslie," his mother asked seriously, "What made you go swimming when I distinctly told you not to go?"

"Mother," the child pleaded, "I didn't mean to. I only went to look on and I made a mistake and went in!"—H. C., Wenatchee, Wash.

* * *

*The Noise Wakes It Up*

Little Bernice had been sitting cross-legged, "tailor fashion," for some time. Consequently, when she tried to rise, she found that her foot had "gone to sleep." Mother's advice to "stamp hard" brought forth the inevitable "why?" At this Connie, the four-year-old, spoke up. "My doodness," she said contemptuously, "anybody wif sense would know that. When you stamp, it makes a noise and wakes your foot up!"—D. R., Duluth, Minn.

* * *

*He Recognized Himself*

Our son rolled from his bed with a loud bang at 3 A. M. He got back in, practically ignoring the incident. At breakfast we asked him if he was not frightened when he woke up and found himself on the floor in the dark.

He replied, "No, I knew it was me."—V. E. T., Buffalo, N. Y.

* * *

*The Doctor's Rank*

Billy's mother had taken him to the office of a physician who had seen service in the World War. While they were waiting in the reception room, another patient asked Billy's mother: "Doctor was a major in the army, wasn't he?" Before she could reply, Billy, who had been spelling out the word on the door that led to the consultation room, spoke up, pointing to his discovery with pride: "Can't you read? It says on the door he's a private."—E. E. L., Indianapolis, Ind.

* * *

*Her Temperature Wasn't There*

Betty was ill, and mother remarked that she had just taken her temperature.

"Has she any temperature?" asked father.

"Why, daddy," said little Bud, "how can she have any when muvver just took it away?"—P. S. F., Chicago.

$500 for Last Lines to Limericks—See Page 51

*The glass room began to spin worse than ever. Millions of cats were floating through the air.*

# TRUB'S DIARY

By JOHN TAINTOR FOOTE

## *The Minister's Hat*

### *The Lovable Pup Turns Atheist, and Distemper Claims Him After He Eats an Unwise Meal*

Picture by ROBERT L. DICKEY

ELEVENTH CHAPTER

FEBRUARY 4. It's been awful. I'm just beginning to be interested in things again. It started two days after I'd chased cats with Ginger. I'd been out looking for Ginger. I couldn't find him. I came home and tried playing games. I tried Sliding Rugs. No good! Nothing is any good after chasing cats. I only played it because I like to watch Saki put the rugs back.

The door bell rang. Saki opened the door. There was a man there. He came in. He said:

"Please tell Miss Trescott the rector is calling."

Saki took off the man's overcoat. The man took off his own hat. He put it on a chair in the hall. I went over and sniffed his legs. The man said, "Nice, nice doggie. Is he—er—dangerous?"

Saki said, "No, sar—not always."

The man went into the drawing room. He went quickly. I went with him. The man sat down in a chair. I sniffed his legs. The man said, "Hello, old fellow. Nice, nice old fellow." He kept wiggling his legs.

What do you suppose I smelled on the man's legs? Cats! I could hardly believe it. I took a long sniff to make sure. Yes, it was cats. The man said, "Goodness gracious!" He took out a handkerchief. He wiped his face with it.

Sometimes I play a game with Flips. It's called Catch-it-if-you-can. We play it with a handkerchief. I started to play it with the man. He was not quick with the handkerchief like Flips. I simply took it away from him. I played Helpless Prey with the handkerchief until it was quite dead. Then I went back and sniffed at the cat smell. The man said, "This is terrible!" I could hardly sniff his legs he moved them about so.

Aunt Caroline came in. She said, "Why, Doctor, you're white as a sheet!"

The man said, "My dear lady! Oh, my dear lady!"

Aunt Caroline said, "What is it, Doctor? You must be ill!"

The man said, "No, not ill—just unstrung. Nerves, you know. Parish troubles. Splendid dog you have. Watch dog, I suppose. Shall we let him go out and run and play? And if I could have er—just a small glass of er——"

Aunt Caroline put me out in the hall. She shut the door. I was sorry. I would rather have stayed and sniffed the cat smell. I saw the man's hat on the chair. It was a funny hat. I sniffed it. No cat smell! It fell off the chair and rolled on the floor. I pounced. It jumped away. I pounced again. It was not a bad game. I played it as long as the hat lasted. Saki found what was left of the hat on the floor. He got excited, of course. I went away from there.

I WENT out in the glass room and lay down. I began to feel queer. I felt very tired. I stayed in the glass room a long time. I kept feeling more and more queer. The glass room began to go around. The chairs and tables began to go up and down. There were cats on the chairs and tables. Hundreds of cats.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

CHILDREN CRY FOR

Fletcher's
CASTORIA

MOTHER:– Fletcher's Castoria is especially prepared to relieve Infants in arms and Children all ages of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic and Diarrhea; allaying Feverishness arising therefrom, and, by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food; giving natural sleep.

To avoid imitations, always look for the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.
Absolutely Harmless—No Opiates. Physicians everywhere recommend it.

Beauty
A Gleamy Mass of Hair

35c "Danderine" does Wonders for Any Girl's Hair

Girls! Try this! When combing and dressing your hair, just moisten your hair-brush with a little "Danderine" and brush it through your hair. The effect is startling! You can do your hair up immediately and it will appear twice as thick and heavy—a mass of gleamy hair, sparkling with life and possessing that incomparable softness, freshness and luxuriance.

While beautifying the hair "Danderine" is also toning and stimulating each single hair to grow thick, long and strong. Hair stops falling out and dandruff disappears.

Get a bottle of "Danderine" at any drug or toilet counter and just see how healthy and youthful your hair appears after this delightful, refreshing dressing.

[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-THREE]

I wanted to chase the cats, but I was too tired.

The Molecule came in. He had turned into three Molecules. I was too tired to give the three Molecules a tail thump. He said, "Ah, the Mad Hatter!" He sat down. He lit three cigarettes. He said, "Caroline is annoyed with you, old companion."

Flips came in. She said, "There's my darling Trubsywubsums. Come here, Lamby."

I made an effort. I gave her a tail thump.

The Molecule said, "Do not address him as Lamby."

Flips said, "Why not?"

The Molecule said, "He's a loathsome atheist. He's just made a dastardly attack on the Church."

Flips said, "Talk like a human being. What do you mean?"

The Molecule said, "He totally masticated and devoured the Reverend Whatyoumaycallem's lid."

Flips said, "Oh, gosh!" She lay down on the window seat and made noises.

The Molecule rocked back and forth and made noises. He said, "Lord, how I suffer!"

Aunt Caroline came and stood in the doorway. She watched The Molecule and Flips. She said, "This is too much!"

The Molecule said, "Much too much." He slid out of his chair. He rolled on the floor. Flips put her face in the window seat pillows. She made louder noises.

Saki came to the door. He said, "Animal physic have came."

Aunt Caroline said, "Tell him to come here!"

The Molecule stopped making noises. He sat up. He said, "Who's coming in here?"

Aunt Caroline said, "The veterinary."

The Molecule said, "Veterinary! What for?"

Aunt Caroline said, "To take this dog away."

A MAN came in the glass room with Saki. He came over and looked at me. He stooped down and lifted up my head and looked in my eyes.

The Molecule and Aunt Caroline were arguing. Flips was crying.

The Molecule said, "If you do this I promise you'll regret it, Aunt Caroline."

The man stopped looking at me. He stood up. He said, "The young man is right. A chill might kill him."

Aunt Caroline looked at the man. The Molecule looked at the man. Flips looked at the man.

Aunt Caroline said, "What on earth are you talking about? I sent for you to take him away from here."

The man said, "If I took him out in the cold, lady, he'd probably die."

Aunt Caroline said, "Die! Try to understand, if you can, that the dog isn't sick."

The man said, "Well, I'll be—— Then you didn't know he was sick, lady?"

Aunt Caroline said, "Naturally not—since he's perfectly well."

The man said, "If he's well I'd hate to see a sick one. He's got a temperature of a hundred and four or five this minute."

Aunt Caroline said, "I don't believe a word of it!"

The man stooped down. He lifted up my head. He said, "Come here, lady!"

Aunt Caroline came over to me. The man said, "Look at this puppy's eyes. Now listen to him breathe. Now watch his head drop when I let it go."

Aunt Caroline said, "Oh, the poor, poor thing! The poor, dear puppy. He's trying at times, Heaven knows—all young things are. Robert, Florence—I'm sorry."

The glass room began to spin worse than ever. Millions of cats were floating through the air. Aunt Caroline was rubbing my head. Flips was crying. The man was telling The Molecule about distemper.

Aunt Caroline said, "And he saved us all the night the burglars came!" She began to cry, too.

IT'S hard to remember anything after that. Everything was queer for days and days. I know this much: I like Aunt Caroline better. All the time things were queer she gave me soup and warm milk with a spoon. Flips or The Molecule would hold up my head. Flips always cried. Aunt Caroline only cried when I was too tired to swallow.

Things stopped being queer all of a sudden—except my legs. They were wabbly. They stayed wabbly for several days. Everyone says I had distemper except The Molecule. He says it was a visitation from God. He says, "Moral: Never touch a minister's lid."

They let me out of the house this afternoon for the first time. I was glad. I had a plan. It was a plan to show Aunt Caroline I appreciated the things she gave me in a spoon.

I had buried a bone under some dead leaves the day before the visitation from God came. I was afraid the bone wouldn't be there. It was. It had improved a lot with age. The smell was simply wonderful. I wanted it myself, but I knew who was going to get that bone. I carried it straight upstairs to Aunt Caroline's room and laid it in the middle of her bed.

---

*In the next installment, to appear soon, Trub finds old friends and has a good time renewing friendships, even though there are some happenings he does not fully understand.*

*A Self-Confessed Faker Tells How He Has Fleeced and Sometimes Disfigured Hundreds of Women Who Came to Him in the Eternal Feminine Quest of Loveliness*

# *The* Truth *About* BEAUTY SURGERY

*Second in a Series of Startling Revelations*

By An

## Ex-Plastic Surgeon

Pictures by Walter Dean Goldbeck

*The motives which drive women to the beauty surgeon are thoroughly human, thoroughly understandable. A pretty girl will gaze into the mirror and study her mouth, or her nose, or her ears.*

*SIDE by side with legitimate plastic surgeons who have mastered their science there flourishes a band of surgical crooks. Here is the second of three "inside" articles by one of these beauty doctors. He was persuaded, by the Editor of Liberty, to reveal the secrets of the game which he has left.*

FROM morning till night my offices used to be crowded with women who sought to regain their youth through beauty surgery. My patients called my office the "House of Lost Faces," or "The Limbo of Ugly Mugs." In this place I functioned in a white operating jacket, with scalpel poised in air, as though it had just been dipped in the magic youth-restoring waters of the fountain of Ponce de Leon.

My office was one of the best appointed in the city. The waiting room, over which presided a shrewd young attendant in whom I had all the confidence in the world, accommodated some thirty people, and most of the time the room was full. There was a gallimaufry of humanity there: the veiled society woman, the bold faced actress, and the shrinking young girl.

I had six other rooms. One of them was for examinations. Another was an operating room. Another my office. Another my drug room, and the last a sort of laboratory.

The patient first came into my waiting room, where he or she, as the case might be—but it was more often "she"—was received by my nurse.

It was the duty of this attendant to learn if the person were a new patient, and how she happened to come to me. The nurse was supposed to be able after a few routine questions to discover if the caller were a spy from some other beauty surgeon's office. Of course, in the case of some investigators, there was nothing to fear, but I always had a natural aversion to them.

If the prospective patient could not give satisfactory answers, the nurse would keep her waiting indefinitely. I could not be bothered by suspicious characters.

But, if the caller gave a good account of herself, she was ushered into my office. I received her cordially and made it a point, in the beginning, to learn just how she had heard about me. This information was always placed on record, under the title "Source." I wanted to know if my publicity, which cost me a neat sum, was bringing in my customers, or just where they were coming from.

Well, the woman who wants to be rejuvenated—they all want to be made young—tells me her tale of woe, somewhat hesitatingly.

She wants the crow's-feet removed from around her eyes, the hypotenuse line from above her mouth, the wrinkles taken out of her forehead, and the double chin made single. And she adds:

"Of course, doctor, I don't want it known."

You see, she is a wealthy and prominent society woman, and when she meets her friends, weeks after the operation, and they exclaim, "My, how young you're getting!" she doesn't

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-FIVE]

want to explain, "Yes, I've been to a plastic surgeon."

Of course, I promise her that the utmost secrecy will attend the operation. But, already, I am trying to contrive some means by which I can get this matter to the public, because it will mean a great deal to me when it becomes known that I have operated on the prominent Mrs. Dwiddle-Dinks.

Then she asks:

"How much will it be?"

Well, I will make her a special price. Each operation will cost five hundred dollars. Two thousand in all. A first payment must be made now, and each operation must be paid for in advance. That was always my rule. Money first. Satisfaction afterward—maybe.

But she still hesitates.

"Can you really do these things?" she asks, hopefully.

"Absolutely, madam," I begin, and tell her of the famous women on the stage and on the screen whom I have made young again—not mentioning, however, that some of the autographed pictures I show her are fakes, as the average actor or actress will autograph a picture on the slightest provocation.

I then hand her a mirror, and, standing behind her, lift her cheeks by drawing them upward at the temples.

"See, those ugly laughing lines, known as hypotenuse lines, have disappeared."

"And there will be no scars?"

"Absolutely not—that is what makes the plastic surgeon fearless in his operations."

So she consents. Having seen how well she will look, her vanity is touched. She gives me a check for the full amount—two thousand dollars. I am sorry I did not ask for more. I had done the four operations for four hundred or less, but a plastic surgeon must live.

Does she regain her beauty? Yes and no.

For a year or so her face is changed for the better, perhaps. Her skin at least looks taut—perhaps too taut. After that? The wrinkles come back. It is nature's law. It cannot be avoided.

Why? Well, tailoring the skin by removing sections of the superfluous is not a rejuvenating process. No new cells are produced. The wrinkles have been formed through the absorption of the fatty tissues beneath the skin. Even if this tissue is replaced by grafting, it is absorbed again. Though the skin is taken up, and stretched, the subcutaneous tissues under it will be reabsorbed and the wrinkles will again appear. It may even result in a misshapen contour of the face, because the tailoring may not have been done correctly. The beauty surgeon is always taking a chance.

Each operation presents a different problem, and, therefore, no standard result can be assured in advance.

THERE have been instances in which women were horribly scarred.

An actress, heavily veiled, once came to my office from that of another self-styled plastic surgeon. She had had her cheeks lifted. The surgeon—if you prefer that word to butcher—had cut her down the temple, near the ear, and behind the auricle. He had taken out quite a bit of skin there and sewed the edges together. Great scars were left as a result. Her skin was so taut that she could not smile comfortably. Then, too, he had tried to remove the crow's-feet from the corners of her eyes, and the tucking process had caused her eyelids to droop.

Needless to say, I refused to touch the case, because of the uncertainties of my "science." I was afraid that, later, she would forget the doctor who first operated on her and connect my name with the criminally bungled job. I merely referred her to an attorney, and advised her to sue the careless surgeon, which she did.

The motives which drive women to the beauty surgeon are thoroughly human, thoroughly understandable.

A pretty girl will gaze into the mirror and study her mouth, or her nose, or her ears.

"Goodness, but they're terrible!" she will exclaim.

She has read in the newspapers about plastic, or cosmetic, surgery—has heard that features can be made broad, narrow, long, short, small, large.

So she takes a category of her physiognomic self.

She has a great deal of fault to find with individual features. She never realizes that nature, as I love to repeat to my intimates, always balances a face in the proper proportions. If a nose is a little long, there is a reason.

She goes to a beauty surgeon, and this gentleman deceives her. Why? Because he knows that she has her mind made up. He must shorten her nose, or mouth, or lengthen them. If he tries to dissuade her, she will merely go to another cosmetic surgeon. She wants to be fooled, and will go from one beauty doctor to another until she finds one who will delude her.

An actress now at the peak of her fame—all my readers have seen her or know of her—is noted for her dimples. I'm going to tell you how she got them.

"Smile," I said to this young woman, when she came to me.

She gave me a sweet smile.

"You have no dimples," I told her.

"No; I didn't think I needed dimples."

"Your face would be much more beautiful with dimples. I can give them to you."

I said this in my usual quiet way, knowing, from past experience, that my statement would be met with an explosion of wonderment.

Plastic surgery is only four or five decades old in this country, you know—oh, quite a novelty.

"You don't *mean* that, doctor!" from the actress, accompanied by her most unaffected expression of surprise.

I asked her to smile again. This time I touched the places in her cheeks where the dimples would be.

"Shall I go ahead?" I asked.

"Of course."

She sank back in the chair, and I injected an anæsthetic into her cheeks. Then, parallel to the long axis of the face, I punctured a line. A section of mucosa was removed from within each cheek, and, as she wanted deep dimples, a stitch inside and out was taken. And that was the beginning of the dimples which a nation has admired.

If a smaller dimple is asked for, no stitch need be taken.

To produce an artificial dimple with muscle action—one that deepens with laughter—the excision is made over a small facial muscle and the muscle is sewed to the subcutaneous tissue. When this heals, the scar has muscle function.

It often happens that this is not satisfactory, however, because the smile lines do not come at the place where the particular muscular dimple happens to be.

The more usual dimple does not move and is always present. Smiling, you have the dimple. Laughing, you have the dimple. Very good. But, frowning, you have the dimple. Crying, you have the dimple. Not so good!

You see, it sticks in your cheeks during all these emotions, and you can imagine your embarrassment, during tears, when two nice little dimples gleam forth merrily from your cheeks!

ONE of the only two operations I ever performed on the mouth—and such operations are of a really dangerous character—was done on a young woman who wanted to win a certain young man. She was of high social standing, beautiful and rich, and he an obscure individual who did not seem to be attracted to her.

"Doctor," she confessed to me, "I'm sure he's indifferent because of my mouth. It's too large."

"I can shorten your mouth, miss," I said, although I didn't think it was at all too big. "It *is* a trifle large," I added.

"Will you really?" she cried, joyously. "I'd heard you could do it, but I was doubtful."

With a small scalpel I cut the skin from the upper and lower edges of her lips—a little in each corner. The bared edges were then stitched together. That was all.

She came back in a few days for the final dressing.

But I never saw her again. I've often wondered if the young man liked her any better.

Once there came into my office a girl with a

VIOLA BROTHERS SHORE

## *Is There a Life* After Marriage?

*"THERE is only one step from the sublime to the monotonous," says Viola Brothers Shore, "and that is a wedding ceremony." Does it sound discouraging? Well, don't be too dismayed.*

*This writer of biting things on marital topics has found a ray of hope for such of her fellow mortals as may be burdened with wives or husbands. It is a sovereign remedy for the bored, and a panacea for a good many human ills. Sometimes it works. What it is will be revealed in a sprightly article entitled Is There a Life After Marriage?*

### In Next Week's Liberty

*An actress, heavily veiled, once came to my office. She had had her cheeks lifted. Great scars were left as a result. Needless to say, I refused to touch the case.*

real rosebud mouth. It was one of the prettiest little mouths I ever saw.

What did she want?

She wanted it made larger!

I had a hard time controlling my face. But I managed to smile sweetly and say:

"My dear young lady, it will be the simplest thing imaginable!"

With the same scalpel with which I had cut down the wonderful large mouth which really became the face of the girl who possessed it, I desecrated that beautiful little mouth.

Parenthetically, I might say that nature generally gives us the right balance to our features.

With sacrilegious gestures of my surgical scissors, I cut away minute portions of mucosa from the slits which I had made in the little mouth. The subcutaneous parts were then stitched to the epidermis. A dressing of collodion was applied, and the severed sections kept apart until they had healed. That was all.

Yes, both operations were simple. They were done quickly and without pain, because of the injection of a local anæsthetic.

But—there are tiny muscles in abundance around the mouth. When these are severed the lips lose a great deal of their power of expression. Don't forget that.

I remember an unusual incident concerning one of my patients.

As you probably know, many of the women who come to cosmetic surgeons feel they are growing old and losing their holds on their husbands or sweethearts.

"Win back your youth by plastic surgery!" they are told. Exactly.

This particular lady came to my office and informed me she wanted a "skin peel."

She got it.

WHEN it was all over, she took a long, delighted look at herself and decided that she was far too young and beautiful for her husband. She wondered how a ravishing creature such as herself could ever have worried about her ugly and aging spouse leaving her. When she reached home she told him just that, and went to live by herself.

Don't wonder at this episode, for it's true. It is just this type of woman that comes to the plastic surgeon.

In a short while, however, she found that she was again becoming the elderly lady, and in a panic went back to her discarded husband and asked forgiveness.

But he had already been hurt too severely, and did not overlook this chance to be rid of his neurotic wife.

She lost faith in men—and in plastic surgery.

---

*The making of new noses: its perils and possibilities—the truth about skin peeling—the recent vogue of tattooing for women. These are some of the subjects on which the next article will give surprising inside information. And in this concluding installment, in an early issue, the ex-beauty surgeon will tell of the fantastic adventure which made him leave a dangerous game.*

# Marry Me *for* FIVE YEARS

## *By W. L. GEORGE*

Picture by WILLIAM KEMP STARRETT

*I can imagine a painful scene at breakfast when Arabella If you annoy me I shall go around to the real estate*

IT WAS, I believe, George Meredith who, twenty years ago, startled public opinion by suggesting that marriage should no longer be concluded for better or worse, and that instead men and women should grant each other a ten years' lease, which could be renewed or otherwise, according to the success of the experiment.

The object of the great writer was to make marriage less final, less irremediable, and therefore, presumably, to make it more attractive to men: as regards women, it is not necessary, since at all times and in all countries they have been willing to marry for good, and to take their chance of evil.

The idea comes up from time to time, and now again we wonder whether there might not be some advantage in marrying for a limited time, in following the suggestion of the British clergyman who, in 1914, absent-mindedly asked a young man whether he would take his bride "for three years or the duration of the war."

It will, of course, be remarked that it is today unnecessary to limit marriage to ten years, five years, or three, since the divorce laws are so lax that two persons who find themselves mutually unsuited can easily obtain their release. But that is not a very good argument, for the object of contract marriage is to make it possible to part on good terms after a certain number of years, while a divorce can be granted only where a grievance arises, where one of the parties is faithless or cruel, or where one finally forsakes the other.

Let us then assume that a young couple can make a marriage contract for, say, five years, on the understanding that at the end of the five years the marriage would terminate exactly like the hiring of a house, unless both parties decided to renew. What is there to say in favor of such an arrangement? The very idea of it may cause old-fashioned persons to exclaim, but that does not prevent one from perceiving the advantages which do exist in temporary marriage when we compare it with marriage as we know it today.

In the first place, it is certain that a person who knew that the other party to the marriage, husband or wife, could refuse to renew after five years would be compelled to be more faithful, more attentive, and more polite than under the present system.

In spite of lax laws divorce is still sufficiently inconvenient, disgraceful, and expensive to make husbands and wives hesitate: therefore a husband can afford to be rude, or a wife afford to be extravagant, being fairly well assured that the other party will tolerate much discomfort before being driven to the divorce court. From that point of view there is a good deal to be said for contract marriage. I can imagine a painful scene at breakfast when Arabella would say to Albert:

"One word more and I give you notice. If you annoy me I shall go around to the real estate office and find a landlord who suits me better than you do."

Also, contract marriage would enable people who are not sure of each other to have a trial run. Very often the lady hesitates to wed because of the size of the bridegroom's feet; their weight when he dances over hers arouses in her a certain disquiet. If she could make a short contract with him, instead of tying herself up for life, she would tell herself that there was a means of finding out whether she could tolerate the large feet and step by their side along the avenue of life.

I realize that without a doubt some of the contract marriages would prove as unhappy as the ordinary ones, but I suspect they would be more tolerable because the injured husband or the unhappy wife could always reflect:

"Anyhow, it's not for life. Another twenty-

*would say to Albert: "One word more and I give you notice. office and find a landlord who suits me better than you do."*

# "Darling, It's Just a Short Term Lease," Mr. George Thinks Is a Possible Proposal. Here's His Brief Speculation on Whether It Would Be for Better or for Worse

three months will see the end of this. I'll get a calendar and cross off the days. It'll make the time go quicker."

WE could also further alleviate the pangs of matrimony: there is no reason why a five-year marriage should be tighter than the ordinary life marriage. If we allowed people to marry for five years we need not for that reason compel them to live in misery for those five years. Where one party had a serious grievance against the other divorce would still be possible. Therefore, one may say that the advantages of contract marriage are very great, and that we cannot without inquiry scoff at the idea and throw it into the waste-paper basket, in company with proposals that we call fantastic.

However, there are no perfect schemes, and schemes affecting marriage are always more difficult to arrange than the others, because in marriage we deal with human nature, which is not as easily governed as brick or mortar. Though we may see advantages in contract marriage, objections also exist, to which we must not close our eyes.

In the first place we have to deal with the polygamous nature of man, with the fact that many men easily tire of women, that they readily seek pastures new; so it must be confessed that if contract marriage were to become operative many of these men would think to find in the new system an opportunity for what we may call legal libertinism.

Indeed, to a great many men and to a few women it would be very tempting to reflect: "I'm eighteen. Why not five years with Lois? After that, little Rona, who is now twelve, will have reached a most charming marriageable age. By the time I'm fifty I can easily have six delightful wives, and when I've parted with all of them at the end of their contract they . . . well, they can look after themselves." The result from that point of view might certainly be appalling, for one can imagine cases where a woman would take her children into a second, third, fourth, or even fifth marriage, where a child would experience several fathers, and perhaps several mothers; thus it might lose all sense of the permanent family. Whether the family is as good an influence on a child as is generally made out is another question, and I cannot enter into it here, but, without exaggerating and taking the family as we find it, I am convinced that contract marriage would do a great deal to weaken it.

The last and the most important objection is that we find something poetic in the idea of a man and a woman allying for life, and that if they *consciously* agreed to ally for only five years the idea of permanence would pass out of marriage. Matrimony would cease to be a moral obligation, become merely a contract with nothing much more romantic about it than the agreement which a corporation signs for five years with its new general manager.

Personally I do not think two of these objections very strong. I am trying to state the case for and against contract marriage as fairly as I can, showing both sides, but I believe that even if we were allowed to marry for five years very few men and hardly any women would avail themselves of their chance to end the marriage.

After people have managed to live together for five years without cutting each other's throats, after they have had children, after they have coöperated in a career, they are kept together not by the emotions and raptures of the honeymoon but by solid interests. In marriage as it is today, with easy divorce, men and women are bound by habit, affection, children, the social life, money, and not by the delights of the early days. So far as that goes, contract marriage would change nothing: just about as many marriages would be renewed as succeed today in escaping the divorce court. Therefore, children would pass from home to home hardly more often than they do today, thanks to divorce.

BUT when we come to the moral idea, the romantic idea of marriage, I cannot help feeling opposed to contract marriage, even though I have tried to put forward the case in its favor. I am not thinking of the sacramental character of marriage, for the idea of lifelong marriage has almost entirely disappeared, even though we call ourselves Christian nations: the fact that divorce is now recognized has done away with that idea. What I am thinking of is the moral looseness, the harshness of point of view which might filter into marriage from temporary contracts.

One of the most foolish and one of the most charming sides of human nature is the belief, harbored by most young men and young women, that the person they marry they will always love. Nearly every decent young man says to himself, "Forever wilt thou love and she be fair." Such is the absurd and adorable basis of marriage.

That idea breeds disappointment, but it builds a basis to marriage which enables many to survive disillusion, quarrels, folly, and conjugal offenses. If people could be released by expiration of contract instead of by suffering they would throw aside the idea of the permanent, and a man who took a wife would no longer take a companion to make the best of, but only a temporary cook and lover.

Contract marriage would make marriage too easy. I have often protested against marriage being too difficult, but a thing that is too hard can be made too comfortable, too pleasant, just as it is well established that though a cat likes cream you can drown a cat in cream quite as easily as in a bucket of water.

THE END

*Carol Dempster, in Isn't Life Wonderful*

# *Life at Its Hardest*

## *Stalks Through This Week's Films*

### GREED

*From Frank Norris' McTeague*
*Directed by Erich von Stroheim*
A Metro-Goldwyn Picture

### ROMOLA

*From the Novel by George Eliot*
*Directed by Henry King*
Produced by Inspiration

### ISN'T LIFE WONDERFUL

*Story by Major Geoffrey*
Produced and Directed by D. W. Griffith

A Triple Motion Picture Review

*By ALVA TAYLOR*

THERE opened recently in New York, in the course of one week, three important pictures—Isn't Life Wonderful, Romola, and Greed. Naturally comparisons were in order. And naturally, too, opinions differed. To me, the pictures ranked about like this: First, Isn't Life Wonderful, from the hands of D. W. Griffith, with Erich von Stroheim's Greed such a close second that the line of difference is scarcely recognizable. Romola I consider last.

Both the Griffith film and Greed are pictures which strike a new note in movies. They lean so to the side of realism that one can truly say of them that life is uncompromisingly put upon the screen. Romola strikes no new note. It is a costume picture, remarkably well done, but still a costume drama, made glamorous by the magic name of Lillian Gish.

Isn't Life Wonderful ranks the little bit higher than Greed that it does, I think, because it is better screen material. Greed is made from the novel McTeague, by Frank Norris—a great book, without doubt. But the result upon the screen is a picturized novel. The Griffith picture, on the other hand, is made from an original screen story, more unified and compact than a novel can be, therefore it has a better start toward a superior picture.

All three pictures are disagreeable in spirit and context. But Romola is done in the story book fashion that comes out all right in the end. A novel of Florentine intrigues and romances, it contains one natural death, one death by drowning, one death by strangling, and one death by crucifixion and fire. But the happy ending is assured.

It is stupendously mounted, with the two Gish girls subordinated to the background. But their fine work is not lost. It is impossible to lose the ethereal loveliness and artistic portrayals of Lillian Gish, no matter how deeply she is buried in scenery. And Dorothy gives one of her delightfully delicate bits of clowning, with which she so thoroughly charms.

In Greed the unpleasantness is thick and impenetrable. It is disagreeableness presented with no concession to possible happiness in life. The man woos the young woman in a sewer. The final fade out is on the picture of a man in the middle of the alkali stretches of Death Valley, with no hope of rescue, handcuffed to a corpse.

It is a marvelously directed picture, with Zasu Pitts giving one of the best characterizations that has ever been seen on the screen. She is Trina, the woman who immediately after her marriage develops such a passion for gold, such an obsession for saving, that everything else fades out of her existence. Lower and lower she forces herself and her husband into the depths of morbidness that finally causes her husband to kill her.

If the painting of this picture of ugliness is done with perhaps too heavy a brush, it is nevertheless gripping. You go away with an unpleasant taste, but a feeling that you have seen something entirely different.

Isn't Life Wonderful, on the other hand, goes somewhat to the other extreme. The story is that of a refugee Polish family in Germany after the war. The wretched struggle for a bare existence is pictured with vivid realism. But the tragedy of it all is balanced by touches of humor, real humor that can always be found in real life no matter how hard that life is, and by the sentiment that, after all, because of love, life is wonderful.

"You have me and I have you and isn't life wonderful," is the slogan of the young couple in this picture.

The interesting point about Isn't Life Wonderful is the simple way Mr. Griffith has put across so marvelous a picture. There are no villains other than starvation and the difficulty of living. There is only the presentation of actual life in post-war Germany.

Carol Dempster does exceedingly fine work, as a half-starved young girl to whom love is food. She is always fascinating to watch, so subtly and so skillfully does she make her face and her whole body tell a story. She seemed entirely the thin, hungry continental girl—a great bit of acting in this picture.

### GREED

THE CAST:

| | |
|---|---|
| *McTeague* | *GIBSON GOWLAND* |
| *Trina* | *ZASU PITTS* |
| *Marcus Schouler* | *Jean Hersholt* |
| *Mr. Sieppe* | *Chester Conklin* |
| *Mrs. Sieppe* | *Sylvia Ashton* |
| *August Sieppe* | *Austin Jewel* |
| *The Sieppe Twins* | *Otto Gottel* / *Oscar Gottel* |
| *Maria* | *Dale Fuller* |
| *Mr. Heise* | *Hughie Mack* |
| *Selina* | *Joan Standing* |

### ROMOLA

THE CAST:

| | |
|---|---|
| *Romola* | *LILLIAN GISH* |
| *Tessa* | *DOROTHY GISH* |
| *Tito Melema* | *William H. Powell* |
| *Carlo Bucellini* | *Ronald Colman* |
| *Baldassarre Calvo* | *Charles Lane* |
| *Savonarola* | *Herbert Grimwood* |
| *Bardo Bardi* | *Bonaventura Ibanez* |
| *Adolfo Spini* | *Frank Puglia* |

### ISN'T LIFE WONDERFUL

THE CAST:

| | |
|---|---|
| *Inga* | *CAROL DEMPSTER* |
| *Hans, son of Professor* | *NEIL HAMILTON* |
| *Grandmother* | *Helen Lowell* |
| *The Professor* | *Erville Alderson* |
| *The Brother* | *Frank Puglia* |
| *The Aunt* | *Marcia Harris* |
| *Strolling Player* | *Lupino Lane* |
| *The Hungry Workers* | *Paul Rhekopf* / *Count von Schacht* |

(Of the Deutches Theater in Berlin)

NEXT WEEK: *Peter Pan*

A Paramount Picture

# Some Camera Highlights of the Year

## Actresses Who in Their Latest Pictures Have Set New Standards

*Captions by Alva Taylor*

*ONE OF THE REAL JEWELS OF THE SCREEN, Lillian Gish (above), is provided with a lovely Florentine background in Romola, her newest picture. She shares the honors with the magnificence of ancient Florence, and Sister Dorothy.*

*A COURAGEOUS LADY, indeed, is Miss Dorothy Gish, who accepts a part in Romola in which her brilliant sister Lillian was starred. Not only is she courageous but also capable, since she makes her part stand out as one of the best bits in the film.*

*SHE STARTLED NEW YORK! Zasu Pitts (right), hitherto known only as a comedienne and a successful character actress in small bits, played the difficult lead in Erich von Stroheim's Greed and turned in a magnificent piece of acting and characterization.*

Edwin Bower Hesser Photo

*Pictures by*
*C. D. WILLIAMS*

*"We've only got six days left to take up those options."*

# *White Pants* Willie

## *A Serial by* ELMER DAVIS

*THE Story of a Young Man Who Found Love and Adventure in Dazzling, Money-Drunk Palm Beach*

### WHO'S WHO
*in the*
### FOURTH INSTALLMENT

*WILLIE BASCOM, a lovable, imaginative youth, who rebels against the narrowness of Sloanestown, his birthplace and, in defiance of local tradition, wears trousers white as snow. He leaves Sloanestown and*

*JUDY WITT, his mild, wholesome, convention-bound sweetheart, because he thinks himself in danger of arrest. For, in a fight with*

*MOCK EPPLEY, a bullying garage hand, he had knocked Mock down, and the garage worker's head had struck a hydrant, stunning him. Willie beats his way south to Palm Beach, the region of his dreams. There he meets*

*HELEN CHARTERS, the beautiful nineteen-year-old daughter of*

*PHILIP CHARTERS, a millionaire stock broker. Willie learns that Helen is in trouble—that she has been gambling wildly at the Chance Club and has lost twenty-two thousand dollars in a single night. She had borrowed this sum from*

*CLEM BODINE, Charters' right-hand man, trusted with handling many of the broker's big business deals. Willie next looks up*

*DUDLEY HILLS, the manager of the Chance Club, who holds Helen Charters' I O U's. Hills turns out to be a native of Sloanestown, from which Willie had fled, and the only other man who had ever dared to wear white trousers in that place. Out of a desire to help a fellow refugee from Sloanestown, Hills offers to let Willie occupy a "jewel of an apartment," in Palm Beach, which he has on his hands.*

"I'LL give you a note," said Willie, to Hills, "for the rent of that apartment you're going to let me have. A note for twenty-five hundred, payable at the end of the season, whenever that may be."

Hills laughed silently.

"Go to it, kid; you've got the manner." His face changed. "But I won't take your note. The rent of that apartment is my tribute to another refugee. It would have saved me a lot of trouble if I'd had that running start. The little place is a gift. Because you'll be lucky if you make twenty-five hundred your first season, on a capital that won't be over six hundred when you start, and will go fast.

"I backed one adventurous young person this winter—the girl I rented the apartment for. Nothing sentimental—she was out to pick a rich husband, and I was staking her. But when the fish was slow to bite, she got impatient and took to shoplifting. Just lost her head. Don't you do that. But if you can sell a lot or two on commission, and buy an option and sell it for a profit, you ought to get a start. Meanwhile, I'll introduce you to a few of these old jaspers. Better not try to sell them anything—they'd get the fillings out of your teeth. But hang around them, and you may get a few tips as to how it's done. See that fellow coming toward us now? That's Phil Charters, the Chicago broker—up to his neck in Florida real estate. That's his daughter just going out—but she'll be back tonight. She's a wild young hellion."

Willie ignored this impious phrase in wonder that he had missed her. She must have been in another dining room.

Then three prosperous and pompous gentlemen paused to salute Dudley Hills—the last one a red-faced man with curly gray hair.

"How do you do, Mr. Grandby? Let me introduce Mr. Bascom—just in this morning. And Mr. Hallowell, Mr. Bascom; and Mr. Philip Charters. Mr. Bascom is from Chicago, too; but we've just discovered that his people and mine came from the same neighborhood downstate. I knew his father well. He was an oil man—one of the Texas crowd."

They growled hospitably.

"You in the oil business, Mr. Bascom?" somebody asked.

"No, sir. I went into a bank at first, but I didn't like it."

"The old story," Grandby roared, jovially. "The young fellows want to make it quick."

"There seem to be plenty of openings in Florida," Willie ventured.

"Plenty of them," Charters agreed, savagely. "Some of them are so big you fall right on through. . . . You're one of the Lake Forest Bascoms, I suppose."

"Not even related," Willie confessed. "I've been living at the Blackstone. But I suppose I might say that I'm a resident of Palm Beach, now."

"I'll say you might," said Dudley Hills.

At four o'clock that afternoon a wheel chair rolled past a long stucco wall on the Ocean Boulevard, North, and stopped before a pair of grilled iron gates. From the gates a shell

driveway curved inward, and a flagstone walk led straight down an avenue of smooth-boled stately palms to a pink stucco Spanish palace with a roof of cracked and weathered tiles—artificially weathered and cracked to order.

Willie Bascom paid his wheel chair boy from a fat roll of bills, and walked toward the palace, swinging a black bag. He wasn't completely outfitted yet, but he had his bathing suit.

His heart sank, he almost ran, when a Negro in livery swung open the palace door; but the Negro obviously saw only such a handsome youth in white flannel trousers as might reasonably be calling on Miss Helen. He deposited Willie in an immense room of plaster and tapestries, heavy, dark furniture, and wrought-iron decorations, where Willie gradually recovered his courage. After all, this wasn't strange to him; he'd seen houses like this in the movies.

Then she came—in green, this time, a silk swimming suit as sea green as the waters from which Aphrodite rose.

"Well, isn't this luck? I didn't really expect you. Didn't you have a lot of business engagements?"

"I kept some of them," said Willie, "and put off the others."

"Harper will take you upstairs to change. Want a cocktail?"

"No; I'll get my excitement out of the sharks."

Presently they were picking their way through the belt of bushes beyond the boulevard. Sprinting across the beach, they plunged through the thundering breakers. Willie had some terrible moments; this wasn't like the gymnasium pool, or the muddy creek at Sloanestown. But he found salt water surprisingly buoyant; and it was warm, warm and caressing, heated by the Gulf Stream, only three miles out. And, even if he had weakened, he must have been sustained by the example of the girl ahead of him, white arms whirling rhythmically in plunging arcs, then sinking into the swells to drive her on, powerfully.

THEY swam out two or three hundred yards, then she paused and waited for him.

"Your form's splendid," she said critically. (He realized, in a moment, that she meant his technique as a swimmer.) "All you need is the wind, and you'll get that. Here and in Chicago I swim every day for about eight months of the year, so, of course, I've got it already. And isn't it nice to have somebody to swim with!"

"You don't mean to say——"

"Oh, plenty of people would like to swim with me—near the beach. But volunteers for long trips are scarce. Just because you're willing to try anything, I won't make you, today; you aren't in practice. But later."

"Does your father swim?"

"A little; but his sport is fishing. He goes up and down the coast in the speed boat—I tell him he'd better be careful, or he'll run into bootleggers or hijackers in some creek—the coast's thick with them, you know—and be kidnaped and held for ransom. Come on—let's go back and rest. I'm not going to let you tire yourself out, the first time."

They swam back, slowly, and sat down just beyond the reach of the breakers. Willie, of course, had left his cigarettes in his coat; but Helen had brought hers, and his nose, used to a cheap brand, crinkled at the unaccustomed scent of the more expensive kind.

"How long are you going to stay?" she asked, presently.

"For the season." Evidently the answer suited her.

"Doing anything, or just playing?"

"I'd thought of making some real estate deals," said Willie. "I hear a lot about Fountain Beach."

"Oh, don't buy there!"

"Why not? When the railroad comes through from the West Coast—— And hasn't your father invested in Fountain Beach?"

"Listen!" She looked cautiously about, but they were alone. "This is a secret, and I suppose I shouldn't tell you, but I don't want you to get stung just because you're new. That railroad is coming down the other side of Fountain River. Fountain Beach will be all right as a little coast bungalow colony, but the real money will be made farther down. I get that from Dad. He's swinging a big deal on the other side of the river—it will take millions—and just buying a little in Fountain Beach to cover his tracks. But you mustn't tell anybody, will you?"

He promised, wondering if she could see through him, see his sinking heart. But for that tip he might have lost all his money on a single lot in Fountain Beach. Evidently the thing to do was to wait, prowl around, keep your ears open and your mouth shut.

THEY swam again, presently, and a little farther this time; Willie was surprised to find how easy it was. When they stopped, at their farthest east, they splashed each other and did stunts—and then, as they started back, he turned cold with fear. Helen was a little ahead, and toward her, cleaving the water, came a menacing black form.

"Look out!" he screamed, and swerved,

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FORTY-FIVE]

*Sprinting across the beach, they plunged through the thundering breakers.*

# Only 8 Months Old!

# Yet Near Its First Million Circulation!

## And Indorsed by 196 National Advertisers!

IN THE short space of eight months, Liberty achieved a net paid circulation of more than 700,000—and is now well on the way to 800,000 net paid. This without price cutting, clubbing offers, premiums, or any inducement other than the sheer merit of its contents. Accomplishment unheard of! Now, as Liberty nears the first million mark, we pause to consider that 196 national advertisers have supported it. Prominent among these are the following:

Some of the national advertisers who have appeared in Liberty, up to and including the issue of January 17, 1925

American Bond & Mortgage Co. (Financial)
American Chicle Co. (Beeman's Gum)
American School of Correspondence
American Tobacco Co. (Lucky Strike, Tuxedo)
Auto Strop Safety Razor Co.

Boncilla Laboratories (Toilet Preparations)
Book-Cadillac Hotel
Bourjois & Co., A. (Toilet Preparations)
Bristol Myers Co. (Ipana Tooth Paste)
Buescher Band Instrument Co. (Musical Instruments)
Buffalo Specialties (Liquid Veneer)
Burroughs Adding Machine Co.
B. V. D. Co. (B. V. D. Underwear)

Calumet Baking Powder Co.
Canadian Pacific Railway
Cellucotton Co. (Kotex)
Chicago, Duluth & Georgian Bay Transit Co.
Chicago Flexible Shaft Co. (Sunbeam Electric Appliances)
Coca Cola Co.
Continental Scale Works (Healthometer Scale)
Corn Products Refining Co. (Linit)
Coty Inc. (Toilet Preparations)
Cox Confectionery Co. (Confectionery)
Crane Co. (Plumbing Fixtures)
Crosley Radio Co. (Radio)

Dictograph Products Corp. (Earphone)
Dogdom (Magazine)

Famous Players Lasky Corp. (Motion Picture)
Federal Pressed Steel Co. (Auto Bumpers)
Fisk Tire Co., Inc.
Fidelity Bond & Mortgage Co. (Financial)
Fleischmann Co., The (Yeast)
Forhan Co. (Tooth Paste)
Frost Co., Geo. (Boston Garter)
Funk & Wagnalls (Books)
Fyr-Fyter Co. (Fire Extinguisher)

General Motors (Chevrolet Motor Car)
Glazo Co. (Toilet Preparations)
Glidden Co. (Ripolin Paints)
Goldman, Mary T. (Toilet Preparations)
Goodrich Co., B. F. (Automobile Tires)

Hamilton Beach Mfg. Co. (Vacuum Cleaners and Motors)
Hamilton Institute, Alexander (Correspondence School)
Henshel Co. (Bluebeard Pearls)
Hickok Mfg. Co. (Hickok Belts)
Hohner, M. (Harmonicas)
Hopper, Inc., Edna Wallace (Toilet Preparations)
Hudson Motor Car Co.

International Correspondence Schools
International Harvester Co. (Motor Trucks)

Jergens Co., Andrew (Toilet Preparations)
Johnson & Sons, S. C. (Floor Wax)
Juergens & Anderson Co. (Add-a-Pearl Necklace)

Kobi Co., J. W. (Golden Glint Toilet Preparations)
Kohler Co. (Plumbing Fixtures)

La Salle Extension University (Correspondence School)
Lehn & Fink (Pebeco Tooth Paste, Lysol)
Lever Bros. (Lux)
Luden (Cough Drops)

Maule, Inc. (Seeds)
Maybelline Co. (Toilet Preparations)
Miller & Co., G. L. (Financial)
Mueller Furnace Co. (Furnaces)
Murine Eye Remedy Co.

Nash Motors Co. (Automobile)
National City Co. (Financial)

O'Cedar Corp. (O'Cedar Mops)
Old Town Canoe Co. (Canoes)

Palmer Photoplay Corp. (Correspondence School)
Parker Pen Co. (Duofold Fountain Pen)
Peck & Hills Furniture Co. (Furniture)
Pepsodent Co. (Tooth Paste)
Phoenix Hosiery Co. (Hosiery)
Pond's Extract Co. (Toilet Preparations)
Postum Cereal Co.
Pryde-Wynn Co. (Molle Shaving Cream)

Quaker Lace Co.
Quaker Oats Co. (Quaker Oats and Puffed Rice)

Reilly & Lee (Books)
Resinol Chemical Co. (Resinol Soap and Ointment)

Roger & Gallett (Toilet Preparations)
Royal Worcester Corset Co.

Safe-T-Stat Co. (Automobile Accessories)
Santa Fe Railway Co.
Scholl Mfg. Co. (Foot Appliances)
Sempray Jovenay Co. (Toilet Preparations)
Shaeffer Pen Co., W. A. (Fountain Pens)
Smith Typewriter Co. (Typewriters)
Standard Oil Co. (Nujol)
Stein & Co., A. (Paris Garters)
Statler, Inc., Hotels
Sterling Products Co.
Sterno Corp. (Sterno Canned Heat)
Story & Clark Piano Co. (Pianos)
Style Center Clothing Co. (Clothing)

Texas Co. (Automobile Oils)
Three-in-One Oil Co. (3 in 1 Oil)
Truscon Steel Co. (Fabricated Steel)

United Drug Co. (Rexall Preparations)
U. S. Shipping Board

Van Ess Laboratories (Toilet Preparations)
Vollrath Co. (Household Utensils)

Wahl Company (Eversharp Pencils and Pens)
Wildroot Co. (Wildroot Hair Tonic)
Williams & Sons, C. U. (Oilomatic)
Willys-Overland Co. (Automobiles)
Wrigley Co., Wm. (Chewing Gum)

Zonite Products Co.

# Liberty

*A Weekly for Everybody*

# NEARING ITS FIRST MILLION!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-THREE]

swimming as fast as he could straight toward the peril. He cut in between her and the fish—then a black mass suddenly shot over him; another, another, landing in successive splashes in the water beyond. He thrust his head up out of the foam and saw her laughing.

"Shark!" he gasped.

"Idiot! Those were porpoises. They never came so close to me before. But they're harmless."

"Oh!" Ashamed with the shame of the greenhorn, he swam silently on toward shore, but Helen, with a suddenly serious face, cut in front of him and floated, her white legs waveringly outlined through the green water.

"You thought it was a shark," she said quietly. "Yet you swam toward it—between it and me——"

"Well?" he asked, grinning at her. "Women and children first."

The topaz eyes flashed at him once more—the third time—with that startling, inexplicable radiance; she paled, then, and shivered.

"I'll never swim out this far again," she said. "Not with you."

"Not by yourself," he corrected. "Promise."

She made a face at him.

"Promise," he repeated. "I'll sit out here on top of the ocean till you do."

"All right," she laughed. "Now let's get back and get warm."

As they ran up laughing, into the entrance hall of the palace, her father met them.

"Hello! Hello! At it again? Three miles, I suppose." He was testily, inefficiently annoyed.

"Not very far this time," said Helen. "Dad, this is Bill Bascom. We used to meet at dances and things in Chicago. Have a highball with us when we're dressed?"

But they had their highball alone—a highball whose ingredients came straight from Bimini and removed from Willie Bascom's soul a superstitious fear of whisky that had had just basis in the moonshine he had once or twice tasted at the Sloanestown garage. They had it beside the fountain in the patio, and their eager talk and laughter came through the windows of the library, where Philip Charters was reading the stock ticker, which was the only thing he ever was known to read in the library.

"Everything still climbing," he told Clem Bodine. "W. I. & C. closed two and a quarter points higher—another fifty thousand gone to hell temporarily. And just when we need more cash for Fountain River, too."

"Well, chief, when the market does turn you'll be on ice."

"It's got to turn in a hurry—within two or three weeks. Those Fountain River options expire on the twenty-second, and unless we've got money enough by that time to buy in the property——"

"Something will break right," said Bodine, optimistically. "Who's that down there with Helen?"

"Boy named Bascom. They've been swimming."

"Bascom? Yes, I remember. Just who is he, by the way?"

"Oh, somebody Helen knew back home. Kid that's had a lot of money left him, I guess, and wants to spend it. Met him at the Chance Club today. His father was in the oil business, I understand—one of that first crop of Texas millionaires."

II.

IN pajamas and slippers, Willie Bascom sat at breakfast in his dining room looking out on Lake Worth. Everything was marvelous in Florida—the brilliant prospect of palm groves and sparkling water, the fragrant freshness of the morning, this enormous juicy grapefruit, three times as big as the kind they got in Sloanestown. This was the life!

A knock; a white-coated Negro entered.

"Mr. Hills is calling, suh."

"Send him in," said Willie, languidly. Dudley Hills strolled in, nodded, sat down, lit a cigarette, looked all around him, and at last turned to Willie with a reluctant grin.

"Young fellow, I've been hearing tales about you, and I came to call you down. But the half was not told me. How do you come to have a butler?"

"I can't cook my own breakfasts and clean up my own apartment," Willie protested. "I'd lose caste. Besides, I got this boy cheap. He works for a family that has to have a butler, but can only afford one for half time—from just before tea till the end of the evening. He wanted a little extra money, so he works for me mornings."

HILLS looked hard at Willie's brocaded pajamas of heavy orange silk.

"I saw that line of pajamas in a shop up the Trail, Bascom. I wanted some myself. But I can't afford pajamas at thirty-five dollars a pair. How can you?"

"Oh, I charged them."

"Did you give me as a reference?" Hills demanded angrily.

"I did not. I might have given Charters, or Grandby, or Frizzell — but when I told the haberdasher my address, that seemed to be reference enough. Everybody knows that only persons of means can afford these apartments."

Hills shook his head.

"Kid, you've got the front. But at the end of the month you'll have to pay for your pajamas, and your groceries, and your club bills, and heaven knows what else. How are you going to do it?"

"Oh, I'll make some money between now and then."

"How? You've got your real estate broker's license, but you haven't done a lick of work; haven't made a single connection with a real estate office; haven't bought an option or tried to sell a lot. You've only dined out, and played tennis, and gone swimming, and spent every afternoon dancing with the Charters girl at the Coconut Grove. Even if you've charged things right and left, your money must be gone——"

"It was running low," Willie admitted, "but I won five hundred in a poker game the other night, and that gave me another start."

"Where? What kind of game? How did you do it?"

"Over at the Breakers—just a friendly game. I held four sevens on the last hand. Of course, I bet all I had, and there were a couple of flushes out against me. The rest of the evening I played them close to my hard-boiled shirt front and hung on to what I'd won at the start."

"Huh! That must have made you popular."

Willie grinned. "As a matter of fact, it did. I was playing with some Philadelphia bankers—Frizzell and his crowd—and they seem to admire a man for not betting 'em when he hasn't got 'em."

"Bascom, how do you do it? People like Frizzell, I mean. I can see how you get by with the women. You're good looking, and you dance beautifully, and you're young. Especially with the older women. I suppose they taught you in Sloanestown to be cheerful and polite to old women, even fat, foolish old women who think they're young and try to dance. That must be a pleasant relief after the way most young men patronize them. But a man like Frizzell—that cold, calculating watchdog of his own treasury——"

"Why, Mr. Hills, it surprises me, too. But—I met Frizzell somewhere, and he took a fancy to me because he likes to hear me tell stories. And so do his friends."

"Stories? What about?"

"About Sloanestown," said Willie. "All the local traditions—the time Judge Dabney fell off the railroad bridge into the crick, and why Neal Sundsted ran away with the barber's wife, and a lot more that must have happened after you left. I always took Sloanestown for granted; but it seems it must have been a kind of funny place. Anyway, those old fellows from Philadelphia just laugh and laugh."

"How do you have the nerve to tell anybody about Sloanestown?"

"Oh, I tell them it's a place where my grandfather lived—where I used to spend my summers when I was a kid. That's true, of course."

"How do you get away with the social stuff?"

"I read one of those books of etiquette back home. Most of it's junk, of course, but it helps about forks and so on. And I've read in magazines about what the well-dressed man will wear, and I've learned a lot from the movies."

"Well, son, you seem to be getting away with it, so far; but there's a great day coming—the first of the month. At this rate you'll owe thousands by that time. How do you expect to pay?"

"Not by piking real estate deals like you wanted me to go into—small profits and quick returns. I hope to do some rather big things in a rather big way. These fellows I'm running around with know what's what, and they're beginning to tell me. I keep my ears open and my mouth shut, and pretty soon I can go after the big money."

"On what? It takes money to make money, and you don't get another nickel out of me. I wouldn't even have made over the lease of this apartment to you if I'd known you'd go crazy."

"I haven't gone crazy, and I don't want any money from you," said Willie. But he knew he lied. He might get tips from Frizzell or Grandby, but he'd have to have money to make money. A few hundred wouldn't do.

Hills rose.

"Well, Bascom, I came to warn you, but I see it's no use. You're flying high, but your motor will stop some day." Willie grinned.

"Any aviator knows that the higher you fly the easier it is to glide down to a safe landing."

"A safe landing," Hills repeated, thought-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

*YOU PAY* to see a show, or a prize fight, or other interesting public event. But there are some fellows who dodge through the gates, sit in the best seats, and never pay a cent. Pull? Influence? Nothing of the kind! It's just a case of Nerve, more Nerve, and then still some more NERVE! Read Westbrook Pegler's story of these strange fellows in next week's Liberty. It is called. . . . . *CRASH!*

# Lemon for The Hair

## *The Finest Rinse*

*By Helene Chadwick*

*Well known motion picture actress*

"NEXT time you wash your hair, whether bobbed or long, rinse with the juice of two California lemons in a basin of water, as I do.

"Soap forms a curd which *stays* on the hair, no matter how frequently you rinse it with plain water. The hair is sticky in comparison, not really clean, when lemon isn't used. *The curl comes out.*

"Take my advice and try it, and then simply *feel the hair*. Note, too, its lustrous, fine *appearance*. See how the curl stays in it. One experience like mine and you'll always use the California lemon rinse as thousands do, including all the better 'Beauty Shops' where moving picture artists go. They know its value. This rinse is most effective, and is harmless."

Buy California lemons for their rich, abundant juice. At all good stores.

Send coupon for free book.

**California Fruit Growers Exchange,**
Sec. R-312, Los Angeles, California.

Please send me free book, "Toilet Uses For The Lemon," telling how to use lemon for the skin, in manicuring, and in beautifying the hair.

NAME.....

STREET.....

CITY.....STATE.....



HARMLESS LAXATIVE
All Children Love Its
Pleasant Taste

# Mother!

## Hurry! Give Constipated Child "California Fig Syrup"

Even a fretful, feverish, bilious or constipated child loves the pleasant taste of "California Fig Syrup." This gentle, harmless laxative never fails to sweeten the stomach and open the bowels. A teaspoonful today may prevent a sick child tomorrow. It doesn't cramp or overact. Contains no narcotics or soothing drugs.

Ask your druggist for genuine "California Fig Syrup" which has directions for babies and children of all ages printed on bottle. Mother! You must say "California" or you may get an imitation fig syrup.


[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-FIVE]

fully. "Ah! So that's the game, is it? That's better. You might get away with it!"

"With what?" Willie demanded.

"I hear you're giving a dinner for twelve at the Everglades Club on Wednesday," Hills observed.

"I must pay off some of my social obligations," said Willie.

"Who's going to be there?"

"Oh, the Frizzells and some of their friends—Mr. and Mrs. Grandby, Lady Dimity, Helen Charters——"

"Lady Dimity?" Hills pondered a moment, then said slowly, "No; you and she are both trying to live off the country. You don't run on the same track, so you can help each other along, but—— The Charters girl, of course!"

"What the hell are you talking about?" Willie demanded, fiercely.

"The previous tenant of this apartment," Hills reminded him with a grin, "came down here to make a good marriage. I was staking her, but she misplayed her hand. You've got sense enough to play your cards right, and I'll stake you. You're always swimming with her or dancing with her——"

"With whom?" Willie snapped, though he knew.

"BASCOM, you've cost me a lot of money this last week. The Charters girl has spent a lot of time dancing with you that she'd ordinarily put in losing money at roulette. But I'll forgive you. I thought you were just a crazy kid, but I see you're wise. Very wise. And if you need any more money——"

"You're entirely wrong," said Willie, with disdainful calm. "We're only good friends, and rather exceptionally good dancing partners. I may need money presently—for an investment in real estate. If you're willing to take my note, I'm willing to borrow from you. But, understand, I'm no fortune hunter. If you're willing to lend for an investment——"

"Not another word, my boy; not another word. When you need more, call on me. Most certainly I'm willing to lend you money"—he bowed ironically—"for an investment. And, if you ask me, a damned attractive investment."

He departed, leaving Willie shaking with the cold fury he had bottled up so long as Hills could see him. Nonsense to suppose that he and Helen were more than pals; silly to think that she was in love with him, or he with her; outrageous to suppose that he would marry for money.

Yet his denial hadn't convinced Hills. It hadn't been meant to convince Hills. For some day Frizzell, or somebody, would drop a tip that would give Willie his chance at the big money. When that time came he would need to draw heavily on Dudley Hills—and Hills, who wouldn't trust his judgment on the stock market or in real estate, would lend him all he wanted if he thought Willie were likely to marry Helen Charters.

III.

PHILIP CHARTERS, hands in the pockets of his golf trousers and a cold cigar in his mouth, stared out of his library windows into a night of gusty rain. The beat of the surf disturbed him, got on his nerves. He wished he had built on the Lake Trail, away from the ocean—or that he hadn't built at all. He had sunk nearly a million in the house and gardens around it—not very much compared with the theoretical value of his numerous properties, but a mountainous sum by contrast with the actual cash he could lay hold of just now, when he needed cash. Even half a million would enable him to breathe easily; but a hint of selling the house would bring the wolves down on him—old enemies who had watched his rocket-like rise and waited for the inevitable fall. There was a time when he could have got out of the market with moderate loss, but that time had passed. Now, if he tried to get out of anything, everything would collapse.

A knock; he turned in quick hopefulness as Bodine came in.

"Well?" said Charters. "See Frizzell?"

"Dined with him at the Breakers, and talked Fountain River for two hours. No luck, chief. These Philadelphia bankers—they wouldn't even take bar gold as collateral, I guess. Certainly not Florida real estate."

Charters paced up and down before the arched windows.

"If I can hang on in the market and this real estate deal," he said, "I'll be worth fifty million in three years. If not, I'll be bankrupt in three weeks. One way or the other, the break has got to come pretty soon. The truth about the route for the railroad can't be kept dark much longer—too many people are in on it. When it comes out, land values will go up out of sight. Meanwhile, my options run out on the twenty-second, and this is the sixteenth. No money in sight for the purchase—and I heard, today, that somebody else has got secondary options on nearly all that land."

Bodine was looking out of the window, his face in shadow.

"Any idea who it is?" he asked, with surprising coolness.

"No; but I can guess. Somebody that's on the inside about the railroad, of course. With a little sleuthing around in Jacksonville, we could find out. Maybe you'd better go up there and see what you can find, Clem. Not that it makes any difference who it is. The point is that unless I can get hold of a lot of money in the next six days my options expire and somebody else gets the property.

*"What the hell are you talking about?" Willie demanded, fiercely.*

And whoever gets it will make about five million on it within the next three years. Hell!"

"Chief," said Bodine earnestly, "you'd better get out of some of your short interests in the market. That W. I. & C., for instance."

"Get out? You know I can't get out. Too far in. Don't even dare try to sell the ball club—the first sign of weakness will bring the bankers down on me. Besides that, W. I. & C. is thirty points higher than it's got any right to be—due for a break any moment. The whole market's too high. I've been playing for a break in these inflated values, and it's bound to come some day. If I can only get enough cash to stay short of stocks on margin and long on real estate on margin——"

"I wish I could help you," said Bodine earnestly. "I've made nearly a million—every cent through you. I could have got together quite a lot of cash last fall if I'd known the fix you'd be in. But it's tied up, now."

"Oh, that's all right, Clem. Don't mind me—my nerves are frazzled. Went around in a hundred and twenty-four at the Gulf Stream Club this afternoon. Don't know whether that's cause or effect. Tried to shoot some billiards a while ago, and my hand shook so I couldn't hold the cue."

"I'll play you some double dummy," Bodine proposed. "Or three handed, if Helen's at home."

"When was Helen ever at home?" Charters growled, flinging his cold cigar into the cold fireplace. "She popped in to dress for dinner, and said she was going out—just that. I suppose she'll end the evening at the Chance Club. It worries me, Clem. Afraid I haven't taken very good care of her, since her mother died."

"I wish *I* could take care of her," said Bodine, moodily.

"Well, Clem, that is up to her. I haven't got a thing against you as a son-in-law, except that you're forty-five and she's nineteen, but that's a lot. She'll do her own picking. Of course, if she picks another slick-haired fortune hunter like that Russian prince, I'll have to put my foot down again and tell her she won't get any money—and she needs a lot. But a decent boy with some money of his own would be different. If she picks you, all right; but I'd rather see her marry somebody of her own age. . . . And the sooner the better. An interest like that might make her stop playing roulette."

"CAN'T make her stop," Bodine grunted. "Gambling's a stronger passion than love, and more durable. I'd have sense enough not to try. I've got money enough to pay her losses—especially since I'm already cutting them down."

"How?"

"Taught her a system," said Bodine.

"A system? Good Lord, that's risky."

"It slows her play," Bodine explained. "She has to keep figuring out her progression. Doesn't bet so much, or plunge on numbers. Matter of fact, she won on it last night—sixty-five dollars."

"She's too superstitious to stick to a system," said Charters, hopelessly. "I know her. She plays hunches. What's sixty-five dollars, anyway? Since she came she must have lost—oh, I suppose, two or three thousand. Wish I had the nerve to slip out with a can of kerosene and burn the Chance Club down. . . . However, she hasn't been playing so much lately, Clem. She seems to be getting the dancing fever again, with the Bascom boy, mostly. Agreeable young chap. Nice manners."

"Wish we knew a little more about him, and what he's up to," Bodine grumbled. "Grandby said he was down here looking for investments——"

"Investments! Clem, do you suppose we could get him interested in Fountain River?"

"A bit too much like robbing the cradle, chief."

"Why, Fountain River's a gold mine. Speculative, perhaps; a hard-boiled banker like Frizzell might not see it. But for a boy who wants to invest his oil royalties . . . . I need his money, but just the same I'd be giving him a chance at a fortune. And I owe him a good turn for keeping Helen too busy to play much roulette."

"There are more expensive things than roulette, chief."

"For instance?"

"The wrong sort of son-in-law."

"Huh?" Charters stared blankly. "Has it gone that far?"

"They're always together. Better find out a little more about him."

"You find it out, Clem. Find out about those second options, too. Go up to Jacksonville, if you have to, but don't get too far away."

"Why not?"

"We've only got six days left to take up those options. You're the only man in Palm Beach with my power of attorney. If anything happened to me, there'd be nobody to sign checks for the purchase money."

"Better be sure you'll have the purchase money."

"Oh, the market's likely to crack any day; and maybe this Bascom boy will be interested in Fountain River. . . . So you think they might—— After all, he's about the right age for her, and I like his manners. Um!"

---

*Why couldn't Helen Charters give up roulette? Why was it like a drug—like a fever in her blood? You'll learn the secret reason, and how one of Willie's day dreams came true—something he had visioned a thousand times—in the fifth installment, out next week.*

# ECONOMY AND PLEASURE IN MAKING ONE'S CLOTHES

## By PATRICIA

EVERY woman owes it to her family, and most of all to herself, to dress and look as well as she possibly can. Do not ever think that it is economy to let yourself slump. You'll lose your self-respect.

Making your own clothes is a saving and it enables the woman who wishes to make her money go a long way to have many more and prettier clothes than she could otherwise have.

Youthful, bouffant lines make design No. 2287 a popular one. Dark taffetas are best for general wear, and lighter shades, such as blue, rose, mauve, maize, and green, are suggested for evening wear.

Dress pattern No. 2287 cuts in sizes 14 and 16 years, 36, 38, and 40 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 1⅞ yards 40 inch light material, with 1¼ yards 27 inch contrasting.

The tunic, No. 2273, can be made in a jiffy. Printed silk crêpes and satin can be used for this pattern, which comes in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2½ yards 32 or 40 inch material.

The slip pattern, No. 2073, is perforated to be cut apart for a camisole of different material than that used for the skirt. Cut in sizes 14 and 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, and 48 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2 yards 40 inch material for skirt and ⅞ yard 40 inch material for the camisole.

Design No. 1983 cuts entirely in one piece—see the diagram which accompanies the back view. You've only the side seams to stitch, the neck and sleeve edges to finish, and a hem to turn under and it's finished. The patterned silks, plain crêpes and satin are suggested for style No. 1983, which comes in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 takes 3 yards 42 inch material, with 2⅛ yards 5 inch ribbon.

The hot-iron transfer pattern, No. 715, (blue or yellow) costs fifteen cents extra.

Pattern No. 2284 is a delightful version of the tunic for the older woman. Make it of georgette and wear it over a satin slip, if you want something dressy. Printed silk crêpe might also be used for the tunic shown here, the pattern for which cuts in sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, and 46 inches bust measure. The 36 inch size takes 3⅝ yards 40 inch material.

The beading design comes in our hot-iron transfer pattern, No. 710, which comes in blue and yellow and costs fifteen cents extra.

Slip pattern No. 1893 provides for both a straight upper edge with shoulder straps and built up shoulders with a V shaped neck. Suitable for woolens, silks, and cottons. Cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, and 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2⅞ yards 36 inch material for slip with built up shoulders.

The jaunty daytime style shown in No. 2266 is suitable for the new striped materials, plain and plaid kasha and bengaline.

Pattern No. 2266 cuts in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3 yards 42 inch material with ⅜ yard 18 inch contrasting.

### *Order Blank for Patricia Patterns*

PATRICIA PATTERNS
P. O. Box 339, City Hall Station, New York City

Inclosed find ..... cents. Please send me the Patricia Patterns listed below:

| Pattern Number | Size | Price |
|---|---|---|
| ..... | | |
| ..... | | |
| ..... | | |
| ..... | | |

NAME.....
STREET.....
CITY.....
STATE.....

### HOW TO ORDER PATRICIA PATTERNS

Write your name and address plainly on dotted lines, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Inclose 10 cents in stamps or coin (coin preferred; wrap it carefully) for each number, and address your order to Patricia Patterns, P. O. Box 339, City Hall Station, New York City.

NOTE—Patricia patterns are made in New York exclusively for this publication. They are perfect in fit, up to date in style, and the easiest of all patterns to use.

# Many Women Wear "Them" Instead of "It"

by Corinne Lowe

THIS year Molyneux and some of the celebrated designers of lingerie whose reputations have heretofore been based upon the creation of fluffy, feminine negligées, have turned their attention to pajamas. There is much significance in this departure. It means that the American woman wants "them" in her boudoir instead of "it." It means that pajamas have become the rage of the hour.

A good example of the way that the hostess gown has merged into the host trousers is afforded by our sketch at the upper right. As is quite evident, these pajamas were not constructed for mere sleeping. Combining black satin trousers with a top of gayly printed silk, they are decidedly on the day force. They go with a good novel and a cup of afternoon tea.

As to this coat itself, printed silk is only one resource. Velvet in some such color as orange or fuchsia; metal cloth, perhaps trimmed with fur; a vivid tinted satin to act as the trellis for luxuriant embroidery — even the leopard printed satins and velvets — all are chosen by the master designers of lingerie.

It will doubtless come to no one as a shock to learn that the ensemble costume has invaded this realm. Yet even the most calloused observer of the progress made by this three-piece garb must give way to a startled "Well, I never!" when she sees the number of modern pajamas—even the sleeping or dormouse variety — which are accompanied by harmonizing coats of three-quarter or seven-eighths length. This vogue is illustrated by the model at the upper left.

There is quite a good deal of metallic fabric and metallic trimming used on the lounging pajamas, but there is even more mined for the gowns.

The two models of negligées sketched on this page bear witness to this outstanding feature of the new negligées, and one of them again corroborates the theory that nothing is so lovely as marabou or ostrich for the trimming of such *robes intimes*.

*A demure jacket of peach color chiffon velvet lined with blue georgette and trimmed with pale blue marabou.*

*A negligée of Madonna blue georgette over a slip of plaited apricot georgette with blue sleeves. The edgings are of blue ostrich and the girdle is apricot and silver metal cloth.*

*Above—A stunning pajama suit with poppies and cornflowers on its gayly printed silk upper section, and wide trousers of black satin.*

*Blue chiffon velvet combined with silver and blue brocaded silk make negligence attractive.*

*Above—The hold of the ensemble idea on the boudoir is illustrated in a three-piece pajama costume which combines black satin with figured silk in an oriental pattern of red, ochre, and dull yellow.*

*A small group of W. Worthington Jr.'s Organization of Liberty Boy Salesmen at Philadelphia, Pa.*

# Boys wanted (all ages)

## *earn money every week ~ no experience needed*

Join the great Liberty Organization of Boy Salesmen—and make money.

It's easy. Thousands of boys of all ages now have a regular weekly income selling Liberty Magazine. You can do the same. Work right in your own neighborhood, no matter whether you live in a small town or a large city.

No experience necessary. Simply send the coupon. We'll promptly assign you to our reliable distributor in your locality.

Just work as you please. Selling Liberty does not interfere with school or other duties. Some boys work after school hours and on Saturdays; others one or more days a week. Suit yourself—work when convenient and make your own spending money.

No money needed. Our distributor supplies everything: free instructions and carrier bags, and shows you how to start a route at once, earning money the very first week and every week thereafter.

It's clean, easy work; no long hours. This is a real opportunity for boys to earn their own money and be independent.

### Free Prizes Besides!

Fill in the coupon and mail it at once. We'll send you full details and catalog of free prizes. It illustrates radios, saxophones, bicycles, cameras, sporting goods, and many other things you have always wanted.

Thousands of boys will grasp at this offer. Be one of these up-and-coming, ambitious boys, and start to make your own spending money.

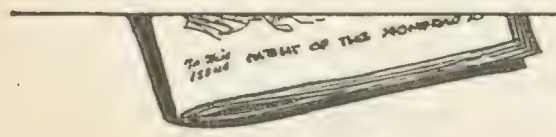
Read Chester A. Hammond's letter printed below. He tells about his success. Be one of these proud money-making Liberty boys—yourself! We'll help you.

## *This* Coupon brings full details

Gentlemen:

I am now taking the opportunity to write and tell you of my success with "Liberty." I have been busy getting customers; in two days I had twenty people who were glad to know that some one would deliver their favorite magazine. Through one person I received five customers. My total in two weeks amounts to thirty-five. I am proud to say that I am a Liberty salesman. I wish every boy could be one.

[Signed] CHESTER A. HAMMOND.



LIBERTY, Tribune Square,
Chicago, Illinois.

Please tell me how I can join your Organization of Boy Salesmen and make money.

Name .....

Address .....

City..... State.....

# What Happened to the Millionaire at Palm Beach?

ACTION, folks! That's what we crave! Liberty's Unlimited Limericks Express is running like Blue Blazes right into th' Sunny Ol' South. And our friend, the Millionaire, may be up to his neck in grief an' woe! Someone's sure got to get him out. Hurry up, Casey! Make those drivers roll! Toot! Toot! Watch out, folks! Here goes for another spurt. . . . . .

## Liberty's Big Limerick Contest

*$500 a Week in Cash Prizes*

*A millionaire maker of lime*
*Went down to Palm Beach for a time.*
*His daughter and wife*
*Said: "This is the life*

. . . . . .

Write your last line in the space above and send this coupon to—

LIMERICKS, *Care of Liberty,*
P. O. Box 1123, Chicago, Ill.

MY NAME IS.....
STREET ADDRESS.....
CITY..... STATE.....

(Issue of January 31)

# $500 a Week for Limericks

*Liberty's Greatest Contest --- Open to Everyone --- Everywhere!*

## This Week's Winners

who share in the big prizes for completing the Limerick printed in our issue of January 3. The Limerick read as follows:

*A chauffeur sneaked out for a ride,*
*The maid had the seat at his side;*
*But while they were out*
*The boss looked about*

. . . . . .

Last lines which the prize winners wrote are:

FIRST PRIZE—$250

*"They've got the can two ways," he cried.*

Written by E. S. KERN,
9731 Logan Street, Cleveland, Ohio.

SECOND PRIZE—$100

*For a man that was old and cross-eyed.*

Written by ROY STEELE,
403 North Jefferson Street, Abingdon, Illinois.

THIRD PRIZE—$75

*Remembered his own youth, and sighed.*

Written by MRS. E. L. CARTER,
Northern Hotel, Fort Collins, Colorado.

FOURTH PRIZE—$50

*For successors to James and his bride.*

Written by R. S. McLEAN,
P. O. Box 107, Shreveport, Louisiana.

FIFTH PRIZE—$25

*"I auto discharge him," he cried.*

Written by PETER E. GANS,
R. F. D. No. 4, Joliet, Illinois.

Write a last line for the Limerick printed in the coupon above. Tell what *you* think happened to the Millionaire. For the five best lines submitted Liberty will pay the following big cash

## PRIZES:

First Prize . . . $250 Second Prize . $100
Third Prize . . $ 75 Fourth Prize . $ 50
Fifth Prize . . . $ 25

ALL LAST LINES FOR *THIS WEEK'S CONTEST* MUST REACH US NOT LATER THAN *MIDNIGHT, FEBRUARY 7.*

*THE RULES:*

Each week the first four lines of a Limerick will be printed on this page. Write a line to complete the Limerick, and send it to Limericks, care of Liberty, P. O. Box 1123, Chicago, Ill. You don't have to use the form printed on this page unless you want to. You can copy the printed lines on another piece of paper, but be sure that all five lines appear in the letter you send in. Also be sure that your name and full address are plainly written, or printed, on the same sheet. For the best line, $250 will be paid; for second best, $100; third, $75; fourth, $50, and fifth, $25.

Use the coupon in submitting your last line, or copy the Limerick and write your suggestion for a last line on a separate sheet of paper. You can submit as many last lines as you wish. Every member of the family can compete. The contest is open to men, women, and children. There's only one thing to remember: a Limerick is a jingle in which the *last line* rhymes with the *first two.*

## $500 More for Limericks Next Week

*Send 'Em in Early, Folks, and Avoid the Last-Minute Rush!*

*Conversation*

is a peculiar thing—sometimes it needs words and sometimes it doesn't!

The occasional sympathetic silence is best filled by the consideration of a box of Romance Selections. They keep the mind from wandering!

Romance Chocolates are made *especially as gift chocolates*. That is why their centers are filled with only the choicest ingredients—why such pains are taken that only the richest and smoothest chocolate is used in their coatings.

Cox Confectionery Company
Boston, Mass.

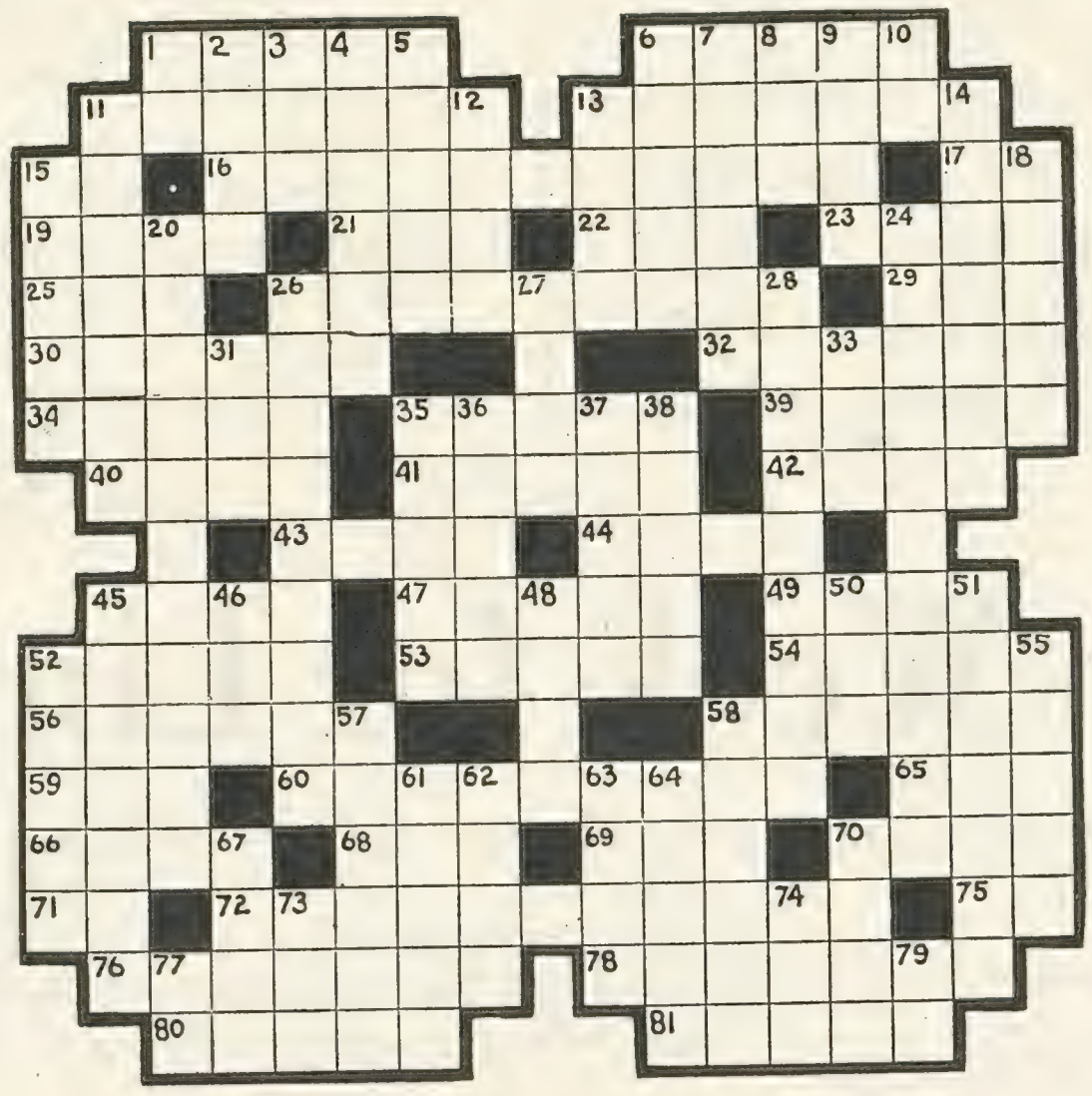
*Romance Selections come in 1, 2 and 5 lb. packages.*

ROMANCE CHOCOLATES

# Liberty's Cross-Word Puzzle

## No. 13

THE "ancient sun god" shines again. You'll find hard worked "RA" in Horizontal No. 17. But there are a good many new and interesting words in this week's puzzle. For instance, Horizontal 29 is "the topaz humming bird." It's too good a secret to give away. If you don't guess it, see the solution in next week's Liberty.



### HORIZONTAL

1 A formula of faith
6 A machine for weighing
11 That part of a projecting brick inserted in a wall
13 Jumping
15 A business association (abbrev.)
16 Exhumed
17 An ancient sun god
19 Epochs
21 Ho (variant)
22 Past
23 A Semite
25 A slender stick
26 Guardians
29 The topaz humming bird
30 Grudges
32 Narrow strips of wood
34 Severe and austere
35 Satisfies
39 Nimble
40 Single units
41 The lover of Francesca
42 A smaller portion
43 A Mohammedan poet
44 A musical instrument
45 One who seeks legal redress
47 A red amorphous powder
49 A parent
52 A combining form denoting "motley"
53 To come in
54 Active in vigilance
56 A South American medicinal plant
58 A strong smell
59 A prefix meaning "on this side"
60 A piece of magnetite possessing polarity
65 A definite article
66 An examination
68 The sheltered side
69 An Anglo-Saxon money of account
70 Enjoyment of property (legal)
71 The symbol for tin
72 A bishop of Laodicea
75 A note in the musical scale
76 Faculties or endowments
78 Stereoptypes (abbrev.)
80 The top of the altar
81 To efface

### VERTICAL

1 Calcium (symbol)
2 Disposes of
3 Popular name for an American university
4 Vessels
5 A vegetable
6 A twilled woolen fabric
7 Songs of joy
8 To imitate
9 A girl's name
10 Half the width of an em
11 A Canadian city
12 An insect
13 Thin
14 Covers with small pebbles
15 The Goddess of grain
18 To degrade
20 A female adventurer
24 Transports of delight
26 Applied to nerves and nerve fibers
27 A preposition
28 A drawn game in chess
31 Wrath
33 To grow old
35 To forbear
36 Priestly associate of Moses
37 A funeral oration
38 Abstemious
45 Sagacious
46 And so forth
48 Members of an Indian tribe
50 A beverage
51 Those who use the bow and arrow
52 Prehistoric inhabitants of Great Britain
55 In that place
57 Punctuation marks
58 One who entraps
61 An alluvial tract of land at the mouth of a river
62 Teleost fishes
63 A measure (plural)
64 To make a speech
67 A story
70 Employs
73 A writing implement
74 A masculine proper name (Biblical)
77 Exist
79 Old English (abbreviation)

| | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| S | P | U | R | T | | W | A | I | N | S | C | O | T | S |
| P | | P | A | R | S | O | N | S | | T | | R | O | A |
| R | E | | G | U | Y | E | D | | H | O | P | | T | R |
| E | N | D | | E | M | S | | C | U | R | E | S | | D |
| E | G | O | S | | P | | A | R | S | E | N | I | C | |
| | A | P | O | L | O | G | I | E | S | | A | D | U | M |
| A | G | E | D | | S | | R | E | A | C | T | E | D | |
| R | E | D | | B | I | T | | D | R | I | E | S | | P |
| I | D | | F | L | U | E | S | | S | T | S | | A | R |
| S | | T | R | A | M | M | E | R | | E | | P | R | E |
| T | R | I | E | S | | P | E | E | L | | E | R | I | C |
| O | | N | E | T | T | E | R | S | | W | | E | L | E |
| T | O | | S | E | A | R | S | | M | A | S | | S | P |
| L | A | P | | D | I | S | | A | I | R | E | R | | T |
| E | R | A | S | | N | | S | I | S | T | R | U | M | |
| | S | T | I | N | T | L | E | S | S | | P | I | O | N |
| E | M | I | T | | L | | A | L | I | M | E | N | T | |
| L | A | O | | F | E | D | | E | V | E | N | S | | F |
| O | N | | F | U | S | E | S | | E | N | T | | O | U |
| G | | P | A | R | S | L | E | Y | | S | | D | I | R |
| E | M | I | R | S | | L | E | E | W | A | R | D | L | Y |

Answer to Puzzle No. 12

# A BRUSH FOR WAVING HAIR!

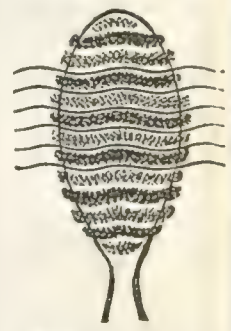
Waves the hair with every stroke! Every strand—every hair—is encouraged to curl as it ripples through the waving rows of bristles in this scientifically formed brush!

If you want wavy hair—that really waves, with a real, natural wave—use the new brush that brushes in waves. Any hair may be brush-waved with ease; for proof, see offer.

You need no preparation with this scientific brush—there's no mystery or "magic" in this discovery. No special skill in using, just brush your hair—and Wavex will coax to curliness in a perfectly natural and beneficial way.

All hair requires ten to fifteen minutes daily brushing to keep it healthy, or even clean. So the brush-wave means no extra time nor trouble; all you need is the right brush. It's ready in limited quantity now—it is called Wavex—costs no more because of the waving feature—a fine quality, *genuine ebony* brush with real *boar bristles*.

**OLD STYLE** brush straightens the hair—



**WAVEX** brushes in waves!

At New York's beauty show Wavex was a sensation. Women were shown and convinced on the spot. Every brush was soon gone, and scores of others left orders. A thousand Wavex brushes are reserved and ready for this announcement. If you want wavy hair, give Nature a chance. All you'll ever require for hair that ripples and falls into soft curl is the right brush. You'll soon have an effect that all dressings ever made for hair could not duplicate, and if your hair is bobbed you'll find the Wavex brush a joy indeed; it saves the bother of almost daily clipping of scraggly ends; saves many times its cost in fees for constant waving.

## 1,000 Curling Hair Brushes To Be Distributed for Test

Until all drug stores can be supplied, the makers of Wavex will distribute to readers direct. One brush only, at the special price of $3 to each who makes immediate use of the coupon printed below.

Send no money unless you prefer; you save the postage if you do. But either way, a week's trial is absolutely without risk—with every penny returned if you don't get results that make you glad and grateful. Doubt it if you like, but *try it!* Mail the coupon!

(92A) THE WAVEX COMPANY,
456 South State Street, Chicago

Please send me one Wavex curling hair brush for a week's demonstration, which must sell me or my money is to be returned. I will pay postman $3 and postage. *(Or enclose $3 now and get brush prepaid.)*

Name.....

Address.....

# DRESS *Right to* WORK *Right*

*The cure is to take off the tight shoes.*

## By James W. Barton, M. D.

### *A Tight Collar, Tight Headband, or Tight Belt May Be All That's the Matter with Your Health*

Pictures by R. B. FULLER

*A man can't do his best work wearing a tight collar.*

DID YOU ever think about the subject of clothing and that man is the only animal that wears clothes? As man is the highest type of animal, and thus, perhaps, has what he calls a sense of decency unknown to other animals, he wears clothing.

But in the wearing of clothes there have crept in customs which are menaces to man's health and comfort. I refer to the tightness which characterizes much of our apparel.

For instance, man has worn a tight hatband for so many years that he is resigned to it.

There are many things suggested as the cause of baldness, but the tight hatband is the big factor. Not only does the tight hatband cut off or diminish the blood supply to the scalp, but this very tightness keeps the scalp in almost an immovable condition all the time.

The tight corset was a serious matter years ago. More women than men have suffered with gall stones, caused largely by the old-style tight corsets. Fortunately the corset of today is not tight about the lungs or liver.

The belts worn by men are really more ornamental than useful owing to the advent of the invisible suspenders. But where the belt is tight on men or the waistbands tight on children serious consequences may follow.

The natural up and down movements of the organs and the wormlike action of the intestines are greatly retarded by the tight belt or waistband, and sluggishness and constipation naturally ensue. The gas or pressure pains which trouble you at times may be due to a tight belt, band, or corset.

Of course, where the abdomen hangs low a properly fitted, wide supporting belt may help to keep the intestines in their proper position.

The tight garter is another big mistake in children as well as in adults. The point to remember in this is that the lower leg is far from the heart. The heart has to pump the blood with force enough not only to send it to the legs, but draw it all the way back again.

Nature understands this difficulty and has supplied the veins with valves. so that when the blood starts to climb up the legs from the feet these valves hold it from flowing back toward the feet.

The tight garter simply prevents the blood flowing freely down to the feet and impedes its flow on the way back to the heart.

The result is those unsightly varicose veins, due to the damming back of the blood. The walls of the veins get thickened and twisted, and a slow-healing ulcer often results.

A tight shoe with a narrow toe simply draws the big toe over to the center line, and thus the joint between big toe and the bone on sole of foot is pressed up against the side of the shoe and a bunion results. The cure is to take off the tight shoes.

Lately there has come into man's wardrobe the soft collar. Why he has worn and still wears the stiff board around his neck can only be explained by these simple words:

"Well, it is done by everybody else."

What about the tight collar? Does it really harm the system? Does it impair a man's vitality or his mentality? In reply it should be said that going down from the back of the neck is a nerve that has a great many jobs to do in your body. It helps you to speak, to breathe, to swallow, to digest your food, and also regulates your heart beat. It has a well protected pathway to traverse on its way down across the neck, as it lies beneath large muscles and has smooth vessels on either side of it. In a general way we might say that Nature has watched over that nerve's course very well.

And yet a tight collar can make a lot of trouble for that nerve. The pressure on your vocal cords may cause a slight inflammation, the voice becomes thick, and you begin treatment for a cold or sore throat. The breathing may be so impeded that you feel "smothered."

ONE of the first symptoms of trouble caused by a tight collar is that feeling of fullness after eating only a few mouthfuls of food. You hasten from the table, fearing a vomiting spell, before you really get set for your meal.

Another symptom which frequently arises from a tight collar is an actual slowing down of the heart beat. One of the functions of this nerve is to keep the heart "slowed down" to prevent it from beating too rapidly.

But what about tight collars and the brain? Do tight collars actually prevent the blood from going to the brain? Can a man do real mental work wearing a tight collar? Let it be understood that a man cannot do his best work wearing a tight collar, because the tightness of the collar irritates him, takes his mind off his work, just as any other irritation might.

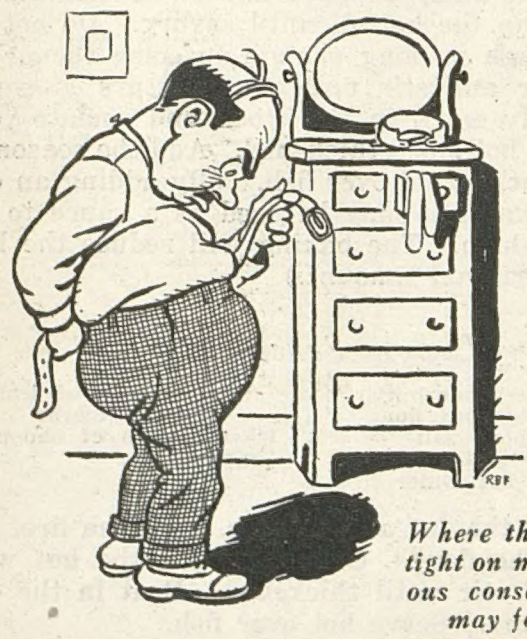
As a matter of fact, tight collars can hardly keep the blood from going to the brain, because Nature had that all figured out in advance.

Think of your spinal cord. Any slight injury to it and you become paralyzed down from the point of injury, and any severe injury causes death. This spinal cord is protected by a majestic column of thirty-three bones, having large, heavy bodies in front to give your body its upright carriage, with a central cavity in which is hidden the spinal cord.

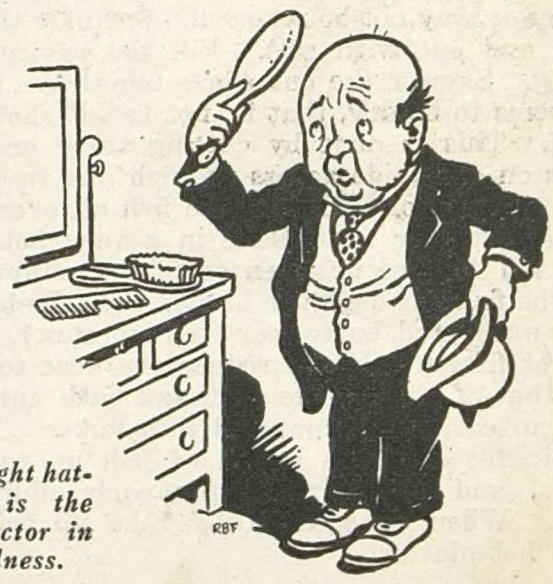
Similarly, then, in order to supply blood *at all times* to that most important organ, your brain, Nature actually bores holes through the solid bones of your spinal column at the back of the neck, through which the blood vessels carry the fresh, pure blood directly from the heart to the brain. A bony passageway for the vessels so that your brain will always have its blood supply.

Thus it will be seen that nothing, not even tight collars, can really shut off all the blood to the brain. Therefore, irrespective of anything foolish on your part, your brain is protected. By protecting your brain in this manner Nature expects you to use your brain, and look after the other parts of your body by not wearing tight clothing.

THE END



*Where the belt is tight on men, serious consequences may follow.*



*The tight hatband is the big factor in baldness.*

# Frozen FISH

## And How to Prepare It for the Home Table

By ETHEL M. SOMERS

*FROZEN fish are rather a new product in our food markets and one that has not as yet been generously accepted. The freezing of fish is, in a sense, a way of salvaging a great natural product, and is well adapted to the needs of modern market requirements. Government demonstrators from the Department of Fisheries have promoted frozen fish cookeries and praised the products. But poor utilization has as yet been made of frozen fish. Modern housewives should coöperate by learning to use frozen fish intelligently and by buying them in a frozen state.*

*ETHEL M. SOMERS, Ph.B., is a graduate of the Department of Home Economics, University of Chicago. She comes to Liberty after six years of teaching experience in both children's and adults' home economics classes. We hope her experience with foods will become yours and that you will bring your problems to her for solution, by writing her in care of Liberty, inclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.*

*Planked fish with Duchesse potatoes ready to serve.*

THE cooking of frozen fish, except for the thawing, is no different from other fish cookery. Frozen fish are best thawed over night in the refrigerator. They must be stored closely covered to prevent contamination of other foods. They may be more quickly thawed by soaking them in cold water for several hours. Warm or hot water should never be used as the fish will then lose their firmness. When the fish have become pliable, remove them from the water before any food materials are dissolved out. Occasionally it is necessary to skin frozen fish for if they have been stored long the skin becomes toughened and looks rusty. Such skin is often the cause of the blacklisting of frozen fish. First-class frozen fish retains practically all of its original flavor and delicacy and is much preferable to mediocre fresh fish.

### *Baked Whole Fish*

- 3 to 5 pounds fish, lake trout, white fish, or blue fish
- 1 teaspoon salt
- ¼ teaspoon pepper
- 3 tablespoons oil or fat
- Stuffing

CLEAN and wash the fish. The head and tail may or may not be removed. Sprinkle the fish inside and out with salt. Fill the cavity with stuffing. Skewer the cut edges together. If the fish seems to be dry, that is, not fat, it should be larded. This is done by cutting three or more gashes on each side across the fish and inserting strips of salt pork. Brush the fish all over with melted butter or fat. Bake in a very hot oven (550° F.) for the first ten or fifteen minutes or until the fish has begun to brown. (If the baking dish is uncovered, baste every ten minutes.) After the first fifteen minutes reduce the heat to 350° F. or that of a moderate oven and bake until the flesh can easily be separated into flakes. Allow ten minutes for each pound of fish up to four pounds, and five minutes for each additional pound. When done, carefully take up the fish onto a hot platter.

### *Dressing or Stuffing for Fish*

- 2 cups soft bread crumbs
- ½ teaspoon salt
- ⅛ teaspoon pepper
- Few grains cayenne
- 1 small onion, finely minced or scraped
- 2 tablespoons butter or substitute
- 1 tablespoon of chopped parsley, if desired
- 1 teaspoon chopped capers, or if desired
- 1 teaspoon finely minced pickles, or
- ½ teaspoon mixed poultry seasoning

MIX the ingredients in the order given. Mix thoroughly but lightly. Stuff the fish, but do not pack the dressing in tight. Allow room for expansion.

### *Planked (Broiled) Fish*

- 2 pounds of lake trout, white fish, or blue fish
- 2 tablespoons butter
- 1 teaspoon salt
- ¼ teaspoon pepper
- Garnishings

CLEAN the fish thoroughly. Bone and split. Place it skin side down on a plank. Sprinkle the fish with salt and pepper and spread with softened or melted butter. Place in a hot oven, 500° F., or a broiling oven. When the fish is done, or in about fifteen to twenty minutes, the flakes of fish can be separated easily. About five minutes before the fish is done, remove it from the oven and place a border of potato puff or Duchesse potatoes around the edge of the plank. This may be piped on with a pastry tube. Then brush the potato with a mixture of one tablespoon water beaten into one egg. Garnish with sliced or stuffed tomatoes. Return the plank to the oven and finish broiling. Serve hot, garnished with parsley.

### *Baked, Sliced Fish*

- 2 pounds sliced fish, cut ¾ inch thick
- 1 teaspoon salt
- ¼ teaspoon pepper

REMOVE the skin and cut the fish into pieces the right size for serving. Arrange in an oiled baking dish. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Cover with a layer of dressing one to two inches thick, or with tomato sauce. Cover and bake in a hot oven, 500° F., for fifteen minutes. Remove the cover for the last five minutes of baking. Serve hot.

### *Oven-Fried Fish (Spencer Method)*

- 2 pounds of fish, either the whole or sliced fish may be used, and of any variety
- 1 cup milk
- 1 tablespoon salt
- 1 cup finely sifted bread crumbs (not cracker crumbs)
- 2 tablespoons oil

CLEAN, skin, and bone the fish. Cut into pieces the size of individual servings, allowing one-third pound per person. Place the cut fish on the extreme left hand of the work table. Mix the milk and salt and place this mixture in a bowl next. Then a plate or pan containing the bread crumbs. Lastly, an oiled baking pan and the oil. With the left hand dip a piece of fish into the bowl of milk, then toss it into the pan of crumbs. Using the right hand, blanket the fish with a complete covering of crumbs and place in a baking pan. (Keep the left hand for the wet work and the right hand for the dry work.) Sprinkle each piece of fish with one teaspoon of oil or melted fat, using a brush or swab. Heat the oven as hot as possible before putting the fish in, even one of 600° F. is not too hot. Bake ten minutes. When removed, the pan should be quite dry and the fish well browned on all sides. Fish weighing up to one pound may have the heads and tails removed and be cooked in this way. If the fish are very thick, a little longer baking is required.

### *Butter Sauce (Maitre d'Hotel Butter)*

- ¼ cup butter
- 1½ teaspoons lemon juice
- ½ tablespoon of finely minced parsley

CREAM the butter, adding the lemon juice gradually. Then work in the parsley. Put on ice until ready to use. For attractive service, this sauce may be shaped into butter balls and one placed on top of each piece of fish when served.

### *Creole Sauce for Fish*

- ⅓ cup oil
- 1 medium onion
- 1 clove of garlic
- 1 green pepper or two tablespoons pimento
- 1 cup fish stock or water
- 1 cup sieved tomato
- 3 tablespoons flour
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 2 teaspoons sugar
- ⅛ teaspoon pepper
- 1 tablespoon of parsley, chopped

FRY the finely chopped onions, garlic, and peppers in the hot oil until savory. Do not heat hot enough or long enough to color them. Add the flour and stir until the mixture is smooth. Gradually work in the stock and tomato purée. Stir and boil until thickened. Add the seasonings. Serve hot or cold over fish. (By adding an extra cup of water it may be used as a sauce to bake sliced fish in. The baking will reduce the liquid to the original amount.)

### *Lemon Sauce for Fish*

- 1½ tablespoons butter
- 2 tablespoons flour
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- Few grains cayenne
- ¾ cup hot water
- 2 tablespoons of lemon juice or vinegar
- 1½ teaspoons of chopped parsley

MELT the fat and remove from the fire. Mix in the flour. Gradually add the hot water. Boil and stir until thickened. Beat in the other ingredients. Serve hot over fish.

# 5,950 Little Lives Snuffed Out *by* FIRE!

What a ghastly fate! Five thousand nine hundred and fifty happy, *trusting* little lives snuffed out last year—needlessly sacrificed to that ruthless demon—fire. And with this appalling toll comes an almost unbelievable loss in property. Five hundred million dollars destroyed by fire in 1923. Another half billion dollars in economic waste followed in its trail.

How can *you* be sure but that some loved one of yours may be the next victim? How can *you* know but that the property you are responsible for may be attacked next? *For where there is inflammable material the fire hazard is always imminent.*

*Approved by (Fire) Underwriters Laboratories*

There is a Fyr-Fyter for wherever fire protection is needed—in homes, automobiles, garages, stores, public buildings, factories, schools, hospitals, filling stations, farm buildings, etc.

These Super-Products bear the label of approval issued by the (Fire) Underwriters Laboratories. They are endorsed by Fire Chiefs and prominent Fire Protection Experts. They are being used by the Standard Oil Company, International Harvester Company, General Motors Co., and many other big companies. Over 250,000 have been sold to the U. S. Government.

You can only buy Fyr-Fyters from the Fyr-Fyter Representative—a trained expert, who will call on you and recommend the fire protection you need.

***The Fyr-Fyter Company***

## Fyr-Fyter Will Prevent It

Don't wait until grim tragedy visits you. Don't wait until the accusing finger of willful negligence singles you out. For there is adequate protection. Fyr-Fyter prevents fires with deadly certainty. It puts out the first tiny flame before it becomes the destructive blaze. It brings peace and comfort in mind. Its cost is trivial.

# We Need Salesmen!

## $300 To $1000 A Month

Can you think of any more noble work than to bring this fire prevention to the people of your city or town—to end forever the sorrow and loss that fire creates? If you agree with us, we have an immediate position for you on our sales force.

### Huge Earnings Possible

With this respected work comes huge earnings. Fyr-Fyter men earn $300, $400, $500—as high as $1000 a month—and they are deserving of every cent they make.

J. W. Trantum, of Connecticut, with no previous selling experience, has made as much as $167.25 a week and he is just getting started. T. S. Gill, of Louisiana, is making over $600 a month—C. E. Hickey, of Welland, Ont., has made as high as $148 in a single day—and there are many more men on our sales force who are equaling those big earnings.

### You Have the Same Opportunity

If you are of average ability and have the desire and ambition to make money, we offer you the same opportunity these successful Fyr-Fyter salesmen had. No capital or investment is required. We train you. We equip you to go out and start making money at once—and to build up a steady, permanent business that will yield you an excellent income.

### Act Quick

We are going to add five hundred men to our National Sales Force *at once*. If you want to be one of them—if you want to get started in a worthy business where you will have a chance to earn from $300 to $1000 a month—ACT QUICK. Fill out and mail the coupon to us immediately for details of our proposition.

**THE FYR-FYTER COMPANY**
**678 Fyr-Fyter Building** **Dayton, Ohio**

## MAIL THIS NOW

**The Fyr-Fyter Co., 678 Fyr-Fyter Bldg.**
**Dayton, Ohio**

Gentlemen: Send me full details of your proposition. Tell me how I can become the fire prevention expert in my community, with a chance to earn from $300 to $1000 a month.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

45 minutes' toasting develops its aristocratic flavor — the enormous production makes possible its democratic price

# LUCKY STRIKE

"IT'S TOASTED"

A.C.E.